The Nation

VOL. XCIV.—NO. 2433 THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1912 PRICE TEN CENTS

AN EXTREMELY VALUABLE AND READABLE WORK, ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT FOR ITS TIMELINESS.

Principles of Economics

By **F. W. TAUSSIG,** *Professor of Economics in Harvard University*

Second edition. In two 8vo. volumes. $4.00 net

From the Banker's point of view:—

"The book certainly is one of the most complete ever written in modern times upon this subject. At this period when every business man, banker and voter is eager to serve all he can to help remedy some of the grave industrial perils threatening to swamp and overcome a powerful, prospering nation, this work will be of the greatest possible assistance in refreshing and awakening the mind to the present economic situation."—*Banker and Investor.*

From the Business Man's point of view:—

"Strict attention is given to that which is now of actual, practical importance. Especially timely are the chapters dealing with monopolies and monopoly values; centralized banking systems; crises and industrial depressions; panics; labor legislation, including workingmen's insurance and damages for industrial accidents; the various railway problems, including public control and public ownership; combination and trusts; socialism and a host of questions having to do with various forms of taxation. To the serious business man who is seeking an authoritative work on all of these subjects, which is not too elementary and still not too abstruse or technical, this book can confidently be recommended."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

From the General Reader's point of view:—

"We have the mathematical economist, the historical economist, the social reform economist, but too few are the common sense, the sane, progressive, practical, broad-minded economists who write for the intelligent citizen as Professor Taussig has done. . . . It is late and just what the average citizen will be glad to read."—*Daily Courier* (editorial).

From the Earnest Citizen's point of view:—

"Professor Taussig has furnished a tool of value not only to the technical student of economic subjects, but also to the growing number of citizens who are seriously concerned with the wholesome growth of society and social relations along the path of justice."—*Boston Herald.*

"The book supplies a real and widely-felt need."

"Professor Taussig is vital and unconventional in his treatment of his subjects, he draws his illustrations from our present affairs and situations, and he shows himself enlightened, responsive to the spirit of the age, fair and generous to theories or reform proposals which often, carried to extreme lengths, contain a soul of good. He has given us a refreshing, illuminating, comprehensive and eminently profitable work."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Published by **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** 64-66 Fifth Ave. N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office 20 Vesey Street.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 147

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

A Test of the Nation 150
Quoting Lincoln 150
Where Centralization Does No Harm 151
"A Certain Amateurishness" 152
A Republic in China 153
Interest in Poetry 154

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

George Bernard Shaw 155

CORRESPONDENCE:

The Teacher 157
St. Bernard and Nature 158
The Case of Mackail vs. Criticism .. 158
"Tells His Tale" 158

LITERATURE:

Principles of Economics 159
The Marriage Portion 161
The Cage 161
Riders of the Purple Sage 161
The Mystery of No. 47 161
Recollections Grave and Gay 162
Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England 162
Dante: Introduction à l'Etude de la Divine Comédie 163
The Life of Bret Harte 164

NOTES 164

SCIENCE 167

DRAMA 168

MUSIC:

The Story of the Bagpipe 169

ART:

Nineteenth Century English Ceramic Art 170

FINANCE:

The "Money Trust Inquiry" 171

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 172

* * * Copies of *The Nation* may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

Educational

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
25 Park Street, Boston — 1845 U St., Washington
156 Fifth Ave., New York — 610 Swetland Bd., Portland
814 Steger Bd., Chicago — 343 Douglas Bd., Los Angeles
920 Sav. Bk. Bd., Denver — 345 Wright Blk. Berkeley
Send to any address above for Agency Manual.

Harlan P. French, Prop. Vincent B. Fisk, Mgr.
THE ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY
Knows how. Twenty-one years of successful experience in bringing together good teachers and good schools. 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y. Ask for bulletin 20 and see for yourself.

PRIVATE BOARDING SCHOOL in the German university town Bonn would take girls from 12-18 years old; beginning October, 1912. German, French, Piano and other branches. Good references. JOHANNA HINZEN, Zülpich, Rheinland.

COUNTRY LIFE EDUCATION SERIES

These books present scientific facts in the simplest manner possible so that they are suited to the use of students and general readers. Each volume is splendidly illustrated.

TYPES AND BREEDS OF FARM ANIMALS **$2.00**
By Charles S. Plumb, Ohio State University.

PRINCIPLES OF BREEDING **$2.50**
By Eugene Davenport, University of Illinois

FUNGOUS DISEASES OF PLANTS .. **$2.00**
By Benjamin Minge Duggar, Cornell University.

SOIL FERTILITY AND PERMANENT AGRICULTURE **$2.25**
By Cyril George Hopkins, University of Illinois.

(Just published)

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF POULTRY CULTURE **$2.50**
By John Henry Robinson, Editor of *Farm Poultry.*

(Other volumes in preparation)

GINN AND COMPANY
29 Beacon Street **Boston**

The *Latest* and *Best* Edition
BISHOP, KING AND HELM'S CICERO
Ten Orations and Selected Letters. $1.25
Six Orations. 1.00
Send for Circular.
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
New York **Cincinnati** **Chicago**

Wanted

WANTED — AN INTELLIGENT, capable, hard-working male stenographer. Must be well educated, a college graduate preferred. His job is to go with his employer. His office will be where his employer is, who is a busy man requiring loyalty, dependability, and quick, accurate, neat work, and is willing to pay well for such services. Reply in writing, stating age, whether married or single, whether at present employed or not; reference of experience and of character and when available, to ELIAS VANDER HORST, 18 Old Slip, New York City.

WANTED — TWO COMPETENT experienced stenographers and typewriters, one able to assist with bookkeeping: college training requisite, college graduate preferred. Apply by letter only to Recording Dean, Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

The trip is less expensive than you think—Plan now—reserve your staterooms early. Sail before the rush on one of the large, modern **One Cabin Steamers** of the
Baltimore-Bremen Service

Comfort without luxury—delicious meals—reasonable rates. Full particulars, sailings, etc., on request.
Send 10c in stamps for illustrated booklet "How to See Germany, Austria and Switzerland"—describes the chief places of interest and tells how to reach them. Essential in planning your tour.

A. Schumacher & Co., Gen. Agts.
177 N. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.

VIA
The NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

BELLES-LETTRES SERIES
FORTY VOLUMES NOW READY
LIST FREE ON REQUEST
D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers
Boston New York Chicago London

STUPENDOUS BARGAINS IN OLD BOOKS
Unheard of prices on high grade material in all departments of literature. Our remarkable clearance sale catalog sent free for the asking.
THE TORCH PRESS BOOK SHOP
(Department M) CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

The Astor Edition of Poets
is the best for schools and colleges. 99 vols. List price, 60c. per volume; price to schools, 40c.
SEND FOR LIST.
Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York

"A notable brief for democracy that everybody ought to read," says Mr. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.
One Way Out: A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America
By "WILLIAM CARLETON,"
The most notable book of our day.
Fifth Printing. $1.20 net; by mail, $1.32.
Send for descriptive matter free.
Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston.

One of the Burning Questions of the Day
THE WOMAN MOVEMENT IN AMERICA
By BELLE SQUIRE
Illustrated. 75 cents net.
A. C. McCLURG & Co., Publishers, **Chicago**

LIBRARY RESEARCH
Researches made in Boston and Harvard Libraries. Ancient and modern languages. Translation, revision of manuscripts, etc.
MISS M. H. BUCKINGHAM.
96 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

FOREIGN BOOKS *Send for catalogue* **SCHOENHOF BOOK CO.** 128 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS. **TAUCHNITZ BRITISH AUTHORS**

A. S. Clark, Peekskill, N. Y., is a buyer and seller of books, magazines, and pamphlets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN IMPORTANT BOOK

Just Published!

THE FULL RECOGNITION OF JAPAN

Being a detailed account of the economic progress of the Japanese Empire to 1911.

By ROBERT P. PORTER

Medium 8vo, with seven colored maps, $4.00

"Just the book for a traveller to the Far East to carry with him and study on the journey, if he wishes to take an intelligent survey of the interesting people whom he is to visit."—*Times Literary Supplement* (Eng.).

For Sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent postpaid by the publishers on receipt of price.

Oxford University Press American Branch
35 West 32d Street, New York

STANDARD WORKS
By A.D. HALL, M.A., F.R.S.

Director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station. Foreign Member of the Royal Academy of Agriculture of Sweden.

THE FEEDING OF CROPS AND STOCK $1.50 *net*.

THE SOIL

An Introduction to the Scientific Study of the Growth of Crops. $1.50 net.

FERTILIZERS AND MANURES $1.50 net.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

DICTIONARY OF
AVIATION
By ROBERT MORRIS PIERCE
287 pages. *Cloth* $1.40, postpaid $1.45
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, L. I.

EUROPEAN YEARS
The Letters of an Idle Man
$2.00 *net*. Postpaid $2.14
AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE
A survey of Hellenic culture and civilization
By J. C. STODART, M.A.
200 illustrations. Cloth, gilt top. $7.50 net.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Publishers, Phila.

Inspiring and Informative.
THOMAS D. MURPHY'S new book
THREE WONDERLANDS OF THE AMERICAN WEST
Beautifully illustrated, boxed, net $3.00; postpaid $3.30
L. C. PAGE & COMPANY, Publishers, BOSTON

Socialism is a force to be reckoned with. The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, monthly, $1.00 a year, is indispensable to the student who would understand contemporary Socialism. Three months, 25c. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 118 W. Kinzie St., Chicago.

BOOKS—All out-of-print books supplied, no matter on what subject; write me, stating books wanted: I can get you any book ever published; when in England, call and inspect my stock of 50,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright St., Birmingham, England.

F. M. HOLLY
Authors' and Publishers' Representative
Circulars sent upon request. 156 Fifth Av., New York

NOW READY

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK FOR 1911

A Record of Events and Progress in Every Department of Human Activity

Nearly 900 pages. Fully indexed. Small 8vo. Semi-flexible covers. $3.50 net

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, Publishers
35 West 32d Street, NEW YORK

A New Book by the Author of "Quo Vadis," etc.

In Desert and Wilderness

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

Translated by Max A. Drezmal

To read this remarkable story is like being carried through wild and savage Africa, at the time of the insurrection of "The Mahdi," on a real journey in the company of two kidnapped children and a few Sudanese, Bedouins, and Blacks. The events of the story revolve around a little girl of eight and a brave manly boy of fourteen, who cherishes and protects her.

The author's extraordinary power of observation and faculty of description make the almost impossible events seem real and lifelike. The pages of the book glow with the atmosphere and color of the desert. The chapters devoted to the wilderness teem with adventure after adventure.

424 Pages. Cloth. With photogravure portrait of the author. $1.25 *net.*

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Publishers, BOSTON

At the head of the List of
BEST REFERENCE BOOKS OF 1910
recently issued by the New York State Library

A GUIDE TO READING IN SOCIAL ETHICS AND ALLIED SUBJECTS

A collection of forty-two lists of books and articles selected and described for the use of general readers by teachers in Harvard University.

8vo. Boards. 266 pages. $1.25

Published by HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHAPTERS FROM MODERN PSYCHOLOGY

By JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL, Head of the Department of Psychology in the University of Chicago. *8vo. Pp.* viii+308. $1.35 *net; by mail* $1.48.

The material was arranged for presentation to a general college audience, and has, therefore, been freed as far as possible from the technicalities of scientific terminology. The attempt has been made to convey a just and comprehensive impression of the principal features of the psychology of to-day; but much selection among topics has been necessary, and this has been guided by a purpose to avoid the more abstruse aspects of the subject which are somewhat remote from the usual interests of the layman.

WILLIAM JAMES

By EMILE BOUTROUX, Membre de l'Institut. Translated from the second edition by Archibald and Barbara Henderson.

Crown 8vo. $1.00 *net.* $1.08 *by mail.*

"No clearer mark of the appreciation which William James has won outside of his own country is needed than this book. . . . That it should have been written by an eminent French philosopher and published in Paris such a short time after James's death was conclusive proof, if any were needed, of the great cosmopolitan influence exerted by the most notable philosopher this country has ever produced."—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

THE LIFE OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN

Based on His Private Journals and Correspondence

By WILFRID WARD. With 15 Portraits and other Illustrations. In 2 volumes. *8vo. Pp.* 654+627. $9.00 *net; expressage extra.*

This work is based on the very large correspondence of Cardinal Newman, collected for publication by the late Father Neville, his literary executor. Its interest is both historical and psychological. Historically it forms a sequel to the "Apologia." That work gave the story of Newman's attempt to counteract the incoming tide of rationalistic "liberalism" in religious thought by restoring to the Church of England the Catholic beliefs and traditions which it had so largely lost.

On the psychological side the letters reveal a singularly sensitive and complex mind and nature in one whose spiritual aims were absolutely single and simple. Both on the historical and on the psychological side the biographer has aimed at telling the whole story quite frankly and fully.

CHESS TALES AND CHESS MISCELLANIES

By WILLARD FISKE. With 16 Illustrations.

Crown 8vo. $1.50 *net; by mail* $1.65.

Published by **Longmans, Green, & Co.** 443-9 Fourth Ave. New York

NOTEWORTHY NEW PUBLICATIONS

INTIMACIES OF COURT AND SOCIETY

An Unconventional Narrative of Unofficial Days

By the Widow of an American Diplomat

The author of this book, who prefers to remain anonymous, has had very unusual opportunities for observing a side of the life of some European courts about which the public knows little or nothing. "Intimacies of Court and Society" presents, from an American point of view, the inner workings of European courts as they have never been presented by an American writer. *With numerous illustrations. 8vo.* $2.50 *net. Postpaid* $2.79.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH CRITICISM

By George Saintsbury

Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh

This book is an indispensable complement to any history of English literature. *8vo.* $2.75 *net. Postpaid* $3.00.

The Last Unpublished Works of

LEO TOLSTOY

Publication in the United States Authorized by Arrangement with His Heirs

THESE novels, stories, and plays were written during Tolstoy's ripe old age, but not published, owing to the author's conviction that he ought to devote his whole energy to the promulgation of social, political and moral ideas. Called into being by the instincts, the habits and the genius of this master story-teller, they represent in the highest degree the work of the author of "War and Peace," "Anna Karénina," and "Resurrection." Matchless stories they are, founded some of them upon great crises of his life, others upon his own intimate family experiences, and told as only this giant among the novelists of the last century could tell them.

Hadji Murad. A Novel. 12mo. $1.20 *net.* Postage 12c. extra.

The Forged Coupon, and Other Stories. 12mo. $1.25 *net.* Postage 12c. extra

Father Sergius, and Other Stories. 12mo. $1.25 *net.* Postage 12c. extra.

The Man Who Was Dead (The Living Corpse) and The Cause of It All. Two Dramas. 12mo. $1.20 *net.* Postage 10c. extra.

The Light That Shines in Darkness. A Drama. 12mo. $1.20 *net.* Postage 10c. extra.

DEATH

By Maurice Maeterlinck

Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

Death as a beginning, not Death as an end, has kindled the imagination of the great mystic philosopher. What the foremost figure in contemporary literature has to say upon Death and Immortality cannot fail to impress profoundly all thoughtful readers. *Small 12mo.* $1.00 *net. Postpaid* $1.10.

FAMOUS OPERA LIBRETTOS

Edited by W. J. Henderson

Author of "What Is Good Music," etc.

"Ideals of what the opera libretto should be."

—*N. Y. Sun.*

Tristan and Isolde. *Cloth, 60 cents net. Limp leather, $1.00 net.*

Die Meistersinger. *Cloth. 60 cents net. Limp leather, $1.00 net.*

Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1912.

The Week

The Administration at Washington is to be congratulated. "Secretary of War Stimson has reached the conclusion that it will be unnecessary and unwise as a matter of policy for the United States to refund tolls to be paid by American vessels passing through the Panama Canal." Whether or not the "reserve" said to be made by the Secretary, along with this conclusion, is set forth with a view to letting the Administration down easy, it is unnecessary to consider too curiously. The "reserve" is to the effect that the United States, despite the treaty provisions for equal tolls to all ships, has "both legal and moral rights" to refund to American vessels the whole or part of such tolls. Well, it is possible that Mr. Stimson sincerely thinks so; but we hazard the conjecture that it is because of his conviction that the world at large will not share this view that he has come to the present conclusion.

The news from Florida and Georgia and Mississippi is that the Federal office-holders are nobly doing their duty in getting the Southern delegates for Taft. This must be very disgusting to the friends of Roosevelt. They may, however, find a cold consolation in the remembrance that, four years ago, Roosevelt himself was in the same way rounding up the Southern postmasters and collectors and marshals. But it is not a case to be dismissed by recriminations or by declaring that one Republican President is no better than another in this business. For years this scrambling for the Southern delegations in Republican National Conventions has been a scandal. States unable to cast a single electoral vote for the party's candidate are yet able to have an important voice, sometimes a determining voice, in saying who that candidate shall be. Nor do plans for doing away with the evil seem to make any headway. The proposal has frequently been made to base representation in the Convention upon the number of Republican votes actually cast. This would, of course, make impossible such charges as Senator Sherman brought against Alger in 1888—namely, that "he has bought up my niggers"—but the party has shown no real disposition to proceed along that line.

When is a Presidential candidate "withdrawn"? If he refuses to withdraw himself, can his friends or even his enemies perform that kindly office for him? These questions are provoked by the telegram which Senator La Follette sent to his Minnesota supporters on Monday. They had previously been informed by Gifford Pinchot that the Wisconsin Senator's candidacy could not any longer be pressed seriously. A doubt must remain how seriously Mr. Pinchot had at any time pressed it; but he had at any rate made many speeches for La Follette, and presided at the meeting in New York which the Senator addressed with more success than he did the Publishers' Association in Philadelphia. Consequently, his announcement that it was all over seemed to carry a sort of official weight if not finality. But now Mr. La Follette declares over his own name that he has not withdrawn and does not intend to do so. He adds meaningly: "No misrepresentation from whatever source can take me out of the contest." This seems to argue that the Senator is moved not only by ambition, or patriotism, but by wounded pride and a feeling of resentment. He has been reported as using privately some very bitter language about his treatment at the hands of Roosevelt, whom he represents as first urging him to stand for the Presidency and then proceeding to stick the brotherless spear in his back.

Gov. Wilson must now be prepared to face, for some time to come, the onset of indignant phalanxes of foreign-born Americans. It reads like a battle-roster out of Homer. One day the Poles came forward in protest. The next it was the Hungarians. The South Italians are gathering their forces. In close succession will come the Bohemians, the Sicilians, the Croatians and Slavonians, the Greeks, the Syrians, the Dalmatians, the Hellespontine Turks, and they that dwell by lower Danube, the Adige, and the Po. We do not know if the Arab and Hindu communities in this city read the *Evening Journal;* if they do, they, too, will hold an indignation meeting against Gov. Wilson. One might imagine that the ill-success of previous attempts to put Mr. Wilson in a hole by digging up the records of the past would have discouraged the present endeavor to sound a clarion note on the poor, dented, time-worn trumpet of race hostility.

Just what has happened in Missouri with reference to the Presidential aspirations of her two favorite sons is as doubtful as what is yet to come. While Senator Reed is blowing the trumpets at Washington for Speaker Clark as the sole survivor of the peace treaty concluded between him and ex-Gov. Folk, disturbing reports arrive from St. Louis to the effect, first, that, like Pope Alexander, the two rivals have divided Missouri between them, and, secondly, that the division is in danger of being disregarded by outsiders like Harmon and Wilson. The belligerent followers of the New Jersey Governor are said to have been making great headway already among the innocent and peaceable Missourians who loved an ex-Governor so well that nothing but the appearance of a Speaker could win them away from the pledge they had too fondly given the first suitor, and there are direful rumors that even the Speaker's loyal adherents have a second choice up their sleeves for use should occasion suggest the desirability of such a resource. This is all very sad, and illuminative of the new day in which politicians, along with the rest of us, are living.

Secretary Knox has chosen a propitious moment for setting out on a missionary trip to the Latin Americans, in the footsteps of Mr. Root. The situation in Mexico supplies this Government with an opportunity for impressing its friendly intentions upon our neighbors to the south. If the suspicions of the Latin-American republics are to be removed, if the basis of a lasting friendship is really to be laid, kindly professions on the part of our State Department must be followed up by good works. Mr. Taft's management of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Mexican situation last year, after the initial error of the way in which our troops were mobilized in Texas, was admirable. In spite of provocation, in spite of jingo activity on this side of the border, the President held fast to the rule that to the Mexican people must be given a full chance to work out their own destinies.

"Who is John Hays Hammond," asks the New York *World*, "that the Administration should await a personal report from him to determine the correct attitude towards Mexico?" The answer is that Mr. Hammond is the latest striking exemplification of that unhappy choice of advisers which has been one of the tragedies of Mr. Taft's Administration. Rarely has a man of such good intentions as Mr. Taft been so badly served. We need not go back to the time of Ballinger and Pinchot and the others, nor even of Dr. Wiley and Solicitor McCabe, to see how sadly misplaced and abused the President's trustfulness has been. The Hitchcock episode has been accepted as constituting not a case of conspiracy, but of simple hard luck, in so far as Mr. Taft's prestige is concerned. But why borrow difficulties? Is it not enough that among his official subordinates he has had to bear with so much bad advice because of stupidity or treachery or departmental intrigue? Why should Mr. Taft turn for guidance in Mexican affairs to a man whose ability to take an unprejudiced view, and whose tenderness for the rights of small nations occupying territory rich in precious metals, were illustrated in the case of the Transvaal?

Gov. Harmon has been accused of being very guarded, not to say timid, in letting his opinion on political issues be known, but there was no lack of directness or courage in his address to the Ohio Constitutional Convention on Thursday of last week. Speaking to delegates, a majority of whom he knew to be hostile to his views about the initiative and referendum, he nevertheless expressed them with great plainness. He would, as indeed Gov. Wilson and all thinking men would, have the experiment undertaken very cautiously. First let it be tried in cities, and permit its use in the State at large only as a kind of "emergency" measure. In general, Gov. Harmon stood up for the conservative way of dealing with the amendment of the Ohio Constitution. Whatever may be thought of the position taken by him, he cannot be denied praise for boldly speaking out his mind.

Stirred to a high pitch of ecstasy by the Tariff Board's supposed finding that the wool-grower's profit on an ordinary suit of clothing is only 68 cents, and the manufacturer's profit is less than 20 cents, the *American Sheep-Breeder and Wool-Grower* chants the following pæan:

> The first paragraph in Frank Hagenbarth's comment on the Tariff Board's report says: "After great travail, accouchement is accomplished, and the child has been christened 'Nevermore.'" He might have added the mother is saved, for, after all the foul and murderous attempts on her life by heartless and cold-blooded politicians, dishonest and cowardly magazine writers and publishers, supported by an unfair and sensational press, the wool industry still breathes to shame her traducers and vindicates her right to live in peace and security under the stars and stripes that wave over a thousand fleece-covered hills and countless busy spindles that grow and weave the wool to clothe ninety millions of the bravest and truest people on God's green earth.

The ninety million of the bravest, etc., will now be happy to contribute their 86 cents towards the nursing of an industry which, after half a century, still finds it impossible to raise wool cheaply, still finds it necessary to use foreign machinery, and, more than all, finds it necessary to make use of new and ever-shifting workpeople who do not come up to American standards either of efficiency or of wages.

One's disgust at the revelations of bribery in the election of 1904 in Delaware is mingled with admiration of the methodical way in which those interested managed it. If corruption must be, by all means let us have it done decently and in order. And so it is with a certain satisfaction that we read of such details as the keeping of a complete record of the "transactions" of the "distribution committee," of the careful sifting of the names on the voters' list, with the purpose of determining as accurately as might be the "floaters," and the nice discrimination that directed the payment of five dollars to negroes and ten dollars to their white compatriots. A particular reason for rejoicing in this elaborate management of vote-buying is the aid it must afford to the Senate sub-committee that is investigating it, and whose members must have a sense of relief as they contrast their task with that of some of their fellow-Senators who are trying to find out what happened in the case in which the bribers kept no records and apparently have no memories.

The death of Père Hyacinthe recalls memories of one of the most critical episodes in the history of the Catholic Church since the Protestant Reformation. In the protest against the decrees of the Vatican council of 1870 promulgating the doctrine of Papal infallibility, which culminated in the Old Catholic movement, Charles Loyson, generally known as Père Hyacinthe, was as much the leading figure in France as was Dr. Döllinger in Germany. The two men presented a striking contrast, the root of their influence in their respective countries being suggestive of the national characteristics of Germany and France. It was in virtue of his immense learning, and especially of the authority that was carried by the objections he urged against the infallibility dogma on historical grounds, that Döllinger's opposition exercised so profound and powerful an influence; while Père Hyacinthe's appeal lay in his eloquence and fervor. In Döllinger's case there was doubtless also much weight in the circumstance that he had established his theological eminence in his early career by writings of the most pronounced ultramontane character. At the time of the Vatican council of 1870, Döllinger was seventy-one years old; many years before that Heine had written of him:

> Lebt denn noch der erzinfame
> Pfaffe Döllingerius,
> Denn das ist doch wohl sein Name,
> Lebt er noch am Isar Fluss?

Loyson, on the other hand, was a liberal and a reformer from the beginning of his career in the church, and naturally entered with the greatest enthusiasm into a movement directed against ultramontane supremacy. Döllinger lived to be ninety-one, and his leadership of the anti-infallibility movement in Germany did not go the length that its ardent champions had hoped for; but Père Hyacinthe drifted further and further away from the Roman Church. The news of his death last Friday at the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age of eighty-four will be the first reminder that most people will have had for many years of his having so long survived the days when he was one of the leading figures in the religious world.

Lister's name will forever be linked with the origin and perfecting of antiseptic surgery, and for that reason alone his place among the benefactors of humanity is secure. In his long life he saw a wonderful development of his first ideas, but all modern surgeons act upon his principle that the great thing in operations is to keep the wound from being infected. Operating under the Listerine spray was long since abandoned for better methods, but progress has been along the lines indicated by him, and surgery is able to win its greatest triumphs by more and more reducing the danger of bacterial infection. In a recent address before the New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. Cabot of Boston unfolded the modern conception of the physician, not as a thaumaturgist, but as a student of Nature's ways who aided Nature to effect cures. He deprecated the talk about a doctor's "saving life," declaring that he himself could not be sure that he had ever, by his own skill pure and simple, saved a human life. But surgeons, he admitted, often save life, and Lord Lister, not only by what he did directly but by what he taught others to do, must be reckoned among the world's life-savers.

Mr. Schwab's declaration that he will sell out of the steel business if the tariff is cut down as proposed in the pending bill does not seem to have filled the country with dismay. Possibly this is due in part to the particular form of his warning; for the phrase he used was "cashing in," not "selling out." "Cashing in" sounds well, somehow; it has a prosperous ring. Another thing that may have detracted somewhat from the effect of Mr. Schwab's declaration is the pretty little revelation he made of his notions of a proper reward for the virtues and achievements of a captain of industry. Senator Stone having remarked that Mr. Carnegie had accumulated an enormous fortune, Mr. Schwab was prompt with the comment: "Not half as much as he deserved." Of course, it must be rather difficult to keep a tariff up to such a rate as to meet the requirements of justice from this standpoint, and the country will probably give it up as a bad job, even at the risk of losing Mr. Schwab's services.

Most of the provisions in the Home Rule bill as outlined by Mr. Churchill at Belfast have already been given to the public. It is on the financial problems involved that we receive more precise information than we have had before. Mr. Churchill estimates that if Ireland's contributions to the Imperial exchequer be balanced with Imperial expenditure in Ireland, the new Government will be entitled to an annual subsidy of ten million dollars. The operations under the Land Act, involving outlays that have run into the hundreds of millions and still demand the expenditure of large sums, will continue to be carried on by Imperial loans. It is upon this point that the Unionists base their charge that the British taxpayer will be called upon to bear the burden of Irish reforms. That, however, is to take a narrow view. If Great Britain and Ireland were two partners in a cold-blooded financial transaction, it might be proper enough to balance dollars against dollars. But on all sides it is recognized that here is an undertaking of profound importance, having for its object the removal of the festering sore of Irish disaffection and the establishment of Ireland as a happy and contented member of the Empire. In the long run the proposed arrangement will justify itself even from the pecuniary standpoint. It would be against all the teachings of history if the establishment of a government in accordance with the desires of the people of Ireland should fail to bring with it an increased vigor of economic life.

To the extent that the religious question enters into Ulster's opposition to Home Rule, it would be well if the spectre of Papal domination might be laid once for all in Ireland by some bold move on the part of the British Government. Undoubtedly the British Nonconformist's fear and distrust of Rome are not extinct. They reveal themselves even in England, where no particular political complications are present to intensify the bitterness of sectarianism. The "Papist" tradition persists. But the existence of that feeling has not interfered with the granting of full equality to Roman Catholics in England, nor has it gone to the extent of raising any outcry against the steady progress of the Catholic Church in that country. At the formal entry of the recently created Cardinal Bourne into the Cathedral of Westminster, distinguished non-Catholics were present. For in England men have realized, as they have done in nearly every country on the Continent, that the domination of Rome in politics is no longer possible. Where politicians for their own ends have succeeded in tying up the Church with their own propaganda, the Church has had to pay a bitter penalty, as in the case of France and of Portugal. The same would be true of Ireland. Any attempt to oppress the Protestants of the North is inconceivable. Protestant distrust is an inherited delusion which a policy of just firmness may banish.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* estimates that in the recent Reichstag elections there were cast four and one-half million votes for the old Conservative-Centrist alliance, and seven and a half million votes for the parties of the Left. In spite of this enormous difference, the Left has a meagre majority of five votes in a Reichstag of 397 members. There has been no reapportionment of electoral districts in Germany since 1869, when the rule of one Deputy to every 100,000 of the population was adopted. The population has increased more than 60 per cent. since 1869, there has been a tremendous influx of population into the cities, but the Conservatives and Centrists, with their strength in the rural districts, have refused to discuss a reapportionment. The average number of voters to the district in Conservative East Prussia is 121,000, and in Socialist Berlin 345,000. The twelve most populous districts represented in the Reichstag contain 1,950,000 voters. The twelve smallest districts contain only 170,000 voters. In other words, it takes twice as many votes to elect a single Deputy in Berlin as it does to elect twelve Deputies in the backwoods districts. In the face of such gross inequalities, declares the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists ought to join hands for an immediate reform without giving thought to fundamental differences of party principles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A TEST OF THE NATION.

One hears and reads many complaints of the intolerable burdens of "Presidential year." As the traditional but more or less mythical disturber of business, it is, by hypothesis, anathema to the commercial classes. And many others are found to deplore its preliminary hubbub, its continued clamor, and the absorptions by which it tends to drive out of the public mind other legitimate and even pressing subjects of general interest. This dislike and impatience are not wholly passive. Various proposals are made to end the nuisance. Lengthening the Presidential term to six or eight years is a favorite expedient with some. Making Presidents ineligible for reëlection is the happy-thought solution with others. But the chance of getting either thing done is commonly admitted, even by those urging it, to be very slight; and it all passes as a part of the vague dissatisfaction with our present system, and as only one more form of groaning over the follies and the dangers of "Presidential year."

Well, evils that can't be cured must be endured; and there is no more ineffectual man than he who rails at conditions in public life which he grants cannot be changed. Doubtless an angel descended from Paradise would, if he could have his way, give the United States a better system of choosing Presidents than we now have to put up with. It may be that the fathers and framers, if they were to try again, and had a free hand, would hit upon a more excellent way than the one they gave us. But here we are with the thing as it is upon us, and it is as unmanly as it is idle to whine about it. If we can't get rid of it, all that is left for us is to work with it as well as we can. It is a part of that "manners of liberty" with which, as Jules Lemaître has observed, the modern man may not be wholly in sympathy, but which he is a fool if he does not accept as gracefully as possible.

And if we look at the matter in a more generous and hopeful spirit, we may easily discover compensations and even positive benefits. All the long political manœuvring and turmoil of our Presidential elections ought to be regarded as a means of political education for the people. Who will undertake to provide it in any other way so effectively as in this? There is agitation, to be sure, but agitation means that many minds are attent to form new ideas and to learn something of value. The immense hurly-burly of a Presidential campaign is not merely sound and fury signifying nothing; it is a call upon the democracy to think and to decide. The thought may often be confused or sadly astray, for a time, and the decisions ill-founded, but there can be no doubt that Presidential year causes thousands of citizens to apply their minds to politics who would not otherwise give it a serious thought. And that is the great thing in political education as in all other—to induce men to exercise their powers of reason. That they will think right in politics, we know of no means of guaranteeing, any more than in æsthetics or religion; but to rouse them to intellectual activity is the first desideratum, and the quadrennial contest for the Presidency unquestionably does that widely in this country.

Instead of bewailing the trouble and uncertainties of Presidential year, we may boldly hail it as a recurring test of the stuff that is in the nation. You will meet querulous people who exclaim at the vast masses of humbug which are flung out by the eruptions of a Presidential campaign. How on earth are ninety millions of all sorts and conditions of men going to discriminate between what is sound and what is specious in the political arguments and appeals directed to them? Well, the critics, of course, think that they themselves can discriminate. How did they acquire the power to do so? Only by hearing and reading and reflecting. But it is the extension of those very processes to the masses that is, to a certain extent at least, involved in all the prolonged and formidable efforts put forth to elect a President. Many voters will, concededly, be deceived or left groping. But the main thing is that an appeal is addressed to their intelligence. They have a state of facts set before them upon which to meditate and from which to draw conclusions leading to action. Is not that a valuable political training? The Presidential election may be conceived of as a kind of national examination. How are the pupils in the school of democracy getting on? Have they learned to rise above prejudice and to seek the general good? Can they distinguish between a charlatan and a real man, between the demagogue and the genuine leader? Teachers in any school would welcome such an opportunity to ascertain in so practical a fashion how deeply the ideas which they had sought to impart had taken root in the minds of their students. Why should not those who in varied ways are laboring to educate the American democracy be equally pleased when the occasion comes to discover whether the scholars are really advancing?

We can easily understand why fastidious minds should shrink from the rude contacts and the rough voices of our great political contests. Why those whose faith in the democratic movement is growing cold should also dread the committing of such great issues to so vast an electorate, we can also understand. But whether we like "Presidential year" or not, here it is upon us; and whether our part in it be large or small, we may confront it, not simply without fear, but with a positive zest, as furnishing proof of our national quality. Let the difficulties and perils be magnified by doubters to the top of their bent; if the fact appear, as we confidently believe it will, that our surging democracy is able to grapple with them and surmount them, the persisting fibre of the country will by so much the more have been triumphantly demonstrated.

QUOTING LINCOLN.

The Colonel had a bully time the other day reading to the reporters extracts from Lincoln's letters and speeches. This is the great advantage of a politician who is also a profound historical student. For anything that he does or refuses to do he can find a precedent in Lincoln or Washington or Louis IX or Thothmes II. And it was with as much appositeness as glee that the Colonel produced a letter going to show that Lincoln, too, declined on one occasion to make an "explanation" which would only enable his enemies to have "a squabble and a fuss." It will be noted, however, that Lincoln wrote to McNeil, "I have made this explanation to you as a friend." From this the natural (if mistaken) inference would be that the Colonel had already made his own "explanation" to his sworn friend in the White House. Surely, D'Artagnan must have let Aramis know what he was about!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It cannot fail, however, to occur to any one who recalls 1864, when it was a question of another Republican President being renominated, that the man who can to-day with most force and point quote Lincoln is not the Colonel but President Taft. For Lincoln also had a bitter and designing enemy in his own household. The Colonel ought really to refresh his memory in regard to Chase's efforts to undermine Lincoln and to wrest the nomination for the Presidency from him. In Chase's case, too, personal hostility to the President sprang partly from appointments to office. Nicolay and Hay record the facts in regard to Lincoln's restoration of Frank Blair to command in the army. This was in 1864, and Lincoln's biographers remark:

> The result was most unfortunate in its effect on the feelings of Mr. Chase. He was stung to the bitterest resentment. . . . From that time he took a continually darkened view, both of the President's character and of his chances for reëlection.

We hear to-day many assertions that President Taft "cannot be reëlected." On this rock the Roosevelt League is built. But Chase was even more sure in 1864 that Lincoln could not be elected. That was one of the reasons which Nicolay and Hay assign for his own "quasi-candidacy," as they call it. For Chase, too, was for a long time able to say that "no man was authorized" to say that he would be a candidate against Lincoln. But in 1864 also there existed (in the Secretary's mind) an "emergency" which might lead him to consent to the use of his name in response to a "spontaneous demand of the people." While those hopes faded as the Baltimore Convention of 1864 drew nigh, Chase remained firmly of the conviction at that time that Lincoln's nomination was a "mistake," and that "the number seems to be increasing," as he wrote, of those "who will not support his nomination in any event."

Friends of President Taft, thumbing Lincoln's biography, might be excused for pausing with a smile at page 79 of the ninth volume. This sets down the fact that Mr. Chase's sentiments towards Mr. Lincoln, "as exhibited in his letters and his diary, took on a tinge of bitterness." It is added that "there was something almost comic in the sudden collapse" of Chase's own candidacy, and that "this was intolerable to Mr. Chase, who was deficient in humor." Lincoln's biographers also speak of Mr. Chase's "wounded self-love," which could "find no balm" in the President's steady march to renomination except in the assertion, which is echoed to-day in Rooseveltian circles, that through "the systematic operation of the Postmaster-General and those holding office under him a preference for the reëlection of Lincoln was created."

Yes, the man really to quote from Lincoln is Taft. It is to be hoped that the later President is able to be as cool and large minded as was the earlier in dealing with an insidious opponent. The movement for Mr. Chase against Lincoln long went on in secret and with the disclaimers and "not a word" with which we are to-day again made familiar. But finally the Pomeroy circular came to light, setting forth that Lincoln's election was "impossible," and coming out openly for the nomination of Chase. The publication of this circular in Washington on February 22 led the Secretary of the Treasury to write at once to the President, protesting that he had "never wished" that his name should be "continued before the public a moment after the indication of a preference for another" and asking Lincoln to say frankly whether there was "anything in my action or position which in your judgment will prejudice the public interests in my charge." Lincoln made a brief acknowledgment, and a week later wrote a letter which President Taft might well take as a model when he has occasion to address the Colonel in similar fashion. We quote some parts of it which show the mingled shrewdness and magnanimity of Lincoln:

> My knowledge of Mr. Pomeroy's letter having been made public came to me only the day you wrote, but I had, in spite of myself, known of its existence several days before. I have not yet read it, and I think I shall not. I was not shocked or surprised by the appearance of the letter, because I had had knowledge of Mr. Pomeroy's committee, and of secret issues which I supposed came from it, and of secret agents who I supposed were sent out by it, for several weeks. I have known just as little of these things as my friends have allowed me to know. They bring the documents to me, but I do not read them; they tell me what they think fit to tell me, but I do not inquire for more. I fully concur with you that neither of us can be justly held responsible for what our respective friends may do without our instigation or countenance; and I assure you, as you have assured me, that no assault has been made upon you by my instigation or with my countenance.

WHERE CENTRALIZATION DOES NO HARM.

There are now before the country two proposals for the establishment of new Federal agencies dealing with matters of vital interest to all the people of the country. One contemplates the establishment of a bureau dealing with conditions affecting children, the other with the creation of a department of health, or of health and vital statistics. To both of these proposals the objection has been raised that they would constitute a further extension of the powers of the national Government, a new step in the direction of the centralizing of all things at Washington, and the devitalizing of our State and city governments. That we should be jealously on our guard against this tendency nobody feels more earnestly than does the *Nation;* but not every augmentation of the labors undertaken by the mechanism of the Federal Government is to be looked upon in this light. A sharp distinction must be drawn between the concentration of the apparatus of inquiry and enlightenment on the one hand and the concentration either of legislative or of administrative power on the other. Both of the proposals we have referred to should be closely scrutinized, so as to see that a scheme ostensibly designed to create only functions of the former kind does not actually carry with it a grant of power unavowed by its advocates. But we do not believe that in either of these cases any such character attaches to the project. What is aimed at is the establishment of an agency of adequate and trustworthy information and guidance on subjects of profound concern to the community.

In the matter of child labor, the contrast between the two classes of things can, as it happens, be sharply pointed by comparing the proposal of a children's bureau with that contained in the Beveridge bill, which made a stir a few years ago. That bill may or may not have been unconstitutional; it is possibly within the powers of Congress under the Constitution to forbid the transportation in interstate commerce of goods made under conditions of manufacture which Congress does not approve. But it is quite certain that the exercise of such a power—assuming it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to exist—for the purpose of compelling manufacturers in the various States to cease employing children below a stated age would be the most serious possible kind of invasion of the province of the State governments. It would be virtually the assertion of the right of the central government to coerce the States to enact almost any conceivable legislation which the powers at Washington may think desirable. It might be more fantastic, but it would not be in any essential respect different in principle from the Beveridge scheme, to devise prohibitions the effect of which would be to compel every State to prohibit the use of liquor, to establish a State university, or to macadamize all its roads. Simple as the proposal may have seemed to some of its enthusiastic advocates, its adoption would have constituted a momentous innovation in our governmental system. No such objection applies in any degree to the plan of establishing a permanent central agency for the collection and diffusion of information.

It is not, then, upon any question of general political principle, but upon their specific merits, that our judgment of the two proposals in question ought to turn. There can be no harm, and there may be a great deal of good, in putting into the possession of all who are interested in promoting the improvement of conditions relating to children in any State the facts about what has been done in that field in other States, and the only question in the matter is whether the end in view is of sufficient importance, and the means proposed are sufficiently well-considered. And the same thing is true in regard to the establishment of a department of health, it being understood that the functions of that department are strictly informational and not administrative. Those who have given the greatest amount of disinterested study to the subject are most convinced of the necessity of the step, and of the real benefits that are to be expected from it. The matter concerned is, of course, of great variety and complexity. To keep the local health authorities throughout the Union well informed as to the advances of sanitary science; to keep track of epidemics, actual and threatened; to present comparative statistics of many kinds, which will warn communities that are backward in any respect, or in all respects, of their deficiencies in the guarding of the public health—these, and many other activities, would, under competent management, soon convince the country of the beneficent nature of the new agency.

In many of the things most vital to the public health, there is, of course, a large range of difference among the different parts of the country. Much of this is inevitable, being due to widely varying conditions; but a considerable part of it is removable, and its removal would be incalculably promoted by the systematic diffusion of knowledge on the subject. For a city merely to be told, month after month, and year after year, in official publications that go to every corner of the land, that it has ten times as much typhoid as some sister city, must prod it, as hardly anything else could, to bestir itself to mend matters. And when there are furnished, from time to time, accurate data concerning both the cause of the trouble and its practical remedy, the way is made easy to the necessary reform. The same thing is true in a score of other matters. To spread sound knowledge in these things is to save lives and prevent disease. It will still leave the conduct of affairs, both the determination of policies and the provision of means for their execution, to the local authorities. If precedents are desired, there is no difficulty about that; it is no new thing that is called for. The Federal Bureau of Education has been going on for decades; the Bureau of Mines was established some years ago. In neither case has there been any invasion of the rights, or weakening of the responsibilities, of the States. And in the matter of the public health, a much stronger case can be made out for the need of a central agency, owing to the many complicated factors that enter into the matter, with which nothing less than the resources of the national Government can be in a position to deal adequately.

"A CERTAIN AMATEURISHNESS."

In the concluding part of his discussion of Socialism, in the February *Harper's*, Mr. H. G. Wells throws an advance ray of light upon the actual working of "the Great State" towards which socialistic agitation is slowly leading us. It will interest those who find the necessity of labor among the chief evils of the present system to learn that the socialistic state is to be conducted without any specific laboring class. The spice of variety in occupation is to become "a proper circumstance in the life of every citizen," and the Great State will put the stamp of its approval rather upon "a certain amateurishness in its service" than upon the trite omniscience gained by long experience in the same kind of work. There shall be no class of men tied down to the soil, year in and year out. Rather, when gentle spring presents her shining face, shall crowds of jolly men, women, and children sally forth from the city, with short hours and good pay, to spray the trees, to pick and sort and pack the fruits, and to "steer cattle and sheep around carefully planned enclosures." Their summer, with the evening amusement in the camp, will be one long picnic of which the Kent hop-pickers from the East End of London can give us only a mere hint. "Machines in the hands of highly skilled men" will minimize toil until "no man will shove where a machine can shove, or carry where a machine can carry."

Has not Mr. Wells, however, slipped a little here? In the highly skilled man in charge of machines have we not lugged in at the barnyard gate that very "trite omniscience" which had just been pitched over the front fence? No, if we cannot all of us have our turn at those machines and contribute here, as well as at the spade-handle or the teacher's desk, our share of that "certain amateurishness" which the state is to value so highly, the equality promised to us is a delusion and a snare. And this amateurishness must also go into the devising and making of those machines as well as their running. Mr. Wells sees this clearly enough in the most important machinery of all—that of the socialistic government itself. "Nothing can be clearer than that the necessary machinery of government must be elaborately organized to prevent the development of a managing caste." Of course, it follows that this elaborate organizing itself cannot for any length of time remain in the hands of the same individuals, nor can those in charge of it at any given time have any power of determining their successors, or the desiderated amateurishness would ripen inevitably into a trite officialdom "in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permanent conspiracy, tacit or expressed, against the normal man."

For the work which is really difficult and disagreeable, Mr. Wells would provide by some form of conscription, which will require each able-bodied person to give a certain period (a year is tentatively suggested) to such tasks in the service of the state. What work is truly unpleasant enough to necessitate this drastic resort, at war with the otherwise untrammelled freedom which we are told to expect, Mr. Wells does not specifically indicate. Possibly that is one of the points in which we are told that the believer in the theory of the Great State will display "a jealous watchfulness of contemporary developments rather than a premature constructiveness." Still, the question gives us pause. With a comfortable minimum of support guaranteed to every one, upon which he may live and do nothing if he shall choose, we are not certain that the kinds of work rough and disagreeable to prospective workers would not loom up to a disconcerting aggregate. Who shall decide for another, in the realm of gladsome socialistic freedom and brotherhood, that a given task is not irksome? And if virtually all work goes into the heap to be taken care of by proscription, the tentative year's conscription of Mr. Wells lengthens out into a very considerable portion of one's active lifetime, and we have nothing but a state slavery in the end.

Evidently, this matter will have to be arbitrated by men whose amateurishness is so pronounced as to raise them above all suspicion of that Expert Knowledge which, as the product of "officialdom," is sure to be in radical conflict with the aspirations of the normal man. Another question here forces itself rudely upon the mind, and that is whether the amateurishness (superficiality, or defectiveness, the dictionary calls it) of Mr. Wells himself will not one of these days become too dulled by constant study of this subject to be any longer of service in the cause. From a socialism cursed by that withering quality which is called Expert Knowledge, "in much the same spirit of qualification," Mr. Wells tells us, "as one speaks of German silver," may all the deities of socialistic progress defend us! But far be it from us to intimate that Mr. Wells has not as yet an abundant supply of that amateurishness from whence cometh our salvation.

A REPUBLIC IN CHINA.

The closing of an unbroken historical epoch whose records stretch back for more than three thousand years is a sufficiently solemn event in itself, without taking account of what the effect will be on the future of China and of the world. That the erection of a Chinese republic will react, in the course of time, on affairs outside of Asia, there can be little doubt. The significance of the revolution in China is not so much that this ancient Empire should have changed from a monarchy to a republic, but that it should have shown such remarkable capacity for change at all. We have been so long trained in the notion of the peoples of Asia as a negligible factor in the historical evolution of the future that it is still difficult to reconcile one's self to the meaning of events in the Far East during the last half-dozen years. Such talk as there was of an awakening East always set out from the principle that it would not be a real awakening, but a sort of galvanized activity for which the European nations were to furnish the motive power. Yet the records of the next few years may very well show a new democratic movement in Russia, or perhaps even in Germany, urged on by the example of China.

And yet what the scholars know of Oriental history and the rise and fall of Asiatic dynasties might have made the recent trend of events in the Far East more comprehensible, if it were not for the specious journalistic formulas of the Rudyard Kipling type. The fall of the Manchus was so easily accomplished because the Chinese throne, like the ancient Asiatic monarchies, stood apart from the national life and held its place by mere inertia. The peoples of the East have seen dynasties come and go with indifference, have even at times welcomed the foreign conqueror, because the tradition of Oriental monarchy has been to seclude itself from the crowd, to resolve itself simply into a tribute-collecting organ, with little concern for the way in which the masses were governed or were not governed so long as no uprisings against the tax-collector occurred. Opposed to this historical fact was the historical theory which in China, at least, has always been recognized, that the monarch is the servant of the people and that misgovernment may in itself constitute a default of the ruler's title. It was inertia that held this theory in abeyance. Once the people is aroused to a sense of its wrongs, the weakness of the throne stands revealed. Under the old régime it was the policy at Peking to play off one semi-independent viceroy and province against another. When the provinces joined hands against Péking, the throne was in no position to resist.

It is the loose-jointed, decentralized system that supplies China with one of her principal qualifications for a republican form of government, and especially for the scheme of a federative republic such as the revolutionists are reported to have drawn up. If China had been a highly centralized despotism like Russia, one can see how the abrupt attempt to substitute a self-governing republic might easily come to grief. But every one of the eighteen Chinese provinces has had immemorial training in self-government, to the extent that it has learned to look to Peking for little and to its own provincial capital for nearly everything. That the provincial administrations have been inefficient and corrupt is beside the question. That was the inevitable result of the old Oriental system by which a Viceroy bought his office at Peking and proceeded to recompense himself at the expense of his subjects. The important fact is that the new republican Government will not be compelled to take upon itself at once the immediate concerns of 400,000,000 people. The new régime can concentrate its attention on the task of building up a firm national framework, of reëstablishing peace, and of winning over the disaffected elements to the republic.

At the same time, the inorganic nature of the Chinese political system contains in itself a serious element of danger, from the point of view of China's relations to the Powers. A loose-jointed republic of semi-independent provinces is not the best kind of government to make headway against foreign aggression. Upon the attitude of the Powers the immediate future of China largely depends. In plain words, the Chinese must have a chance to show what they can do. And this does not mean merely that the Powers must re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frain from direct plotting against the republic, or from plunging into a furious game of land-grabbing. There must be patient forbearance on the part of the Powers in recognition of the immense problem that confronts the new Government and of the inevitable unrest that attends a period of transition and upbuilding. There will, in all probability, be local disorders; there may be pillage of foreign property; there may be danger to the lives of foreigners. If the Powers hasten to take advantage of such disturbances to harass the new republic, if they set out to cripple the republic's finances by demands for huge indemnities, the Chinese republic may well go the way of Persian independence under the beneficent supervision of Russia and Great Britain.

Any prediction as to what China's transition period will bring forth is perilous. The republic may prosper from the start. It may experience the common interlude of military dictatorships and civil war. It may bring a new monarchy, Chinese in nationality and constitutional in form. But the door seems to have been definitely closed on the past.

INTEREST IN POETRY.

The feeling is abroad that the relish for poetry is fast declining. Few find opportunity to pick up Keats or Wordsworth from one year's end to another. Much the same, however, is the case with classic prose. It, as also great poetry, is supposed to be read in school and college, and for the large majority this early experience with them virtually has to suffice for life. The thing that gives particular alarm to some is that contemporary verse, of which there is a large quantity, finds a very poor market. Whereas trifles in fiction are sought by publishers, writers of verse have almost always to stand the cost of getting it out themselves. To that extent, at any rate, poetry has not become commercialized.

We believe, nevertheless, that the cause of poetry is not quite so hopeless as it is pictured. It is hazardous to say that so fundamental an instinct as that for rhythm is dying out of the human race. Besides, the spectacle of Kipling's popularity is but a short way back, and there are other recent instances of the public rallying about the early promise of a poet, reading him with avidity, and eager for the time when he might be added to the gallery of great artists. Stephen Phillips was one. In "Marpessa" and "Paolo and Francesca" there were lines that gave almost universal delight; the chance of having another Keats among us seemed to many not unlikely. It is safe to predict that when a truly great poet arrives he will be properly acclaimed, even in this twentieth century. Even poets of lesser rank need not despair. They might learn much from Kipling's success. He himself said that he could handle his style; and certainly his message was so strong and taking that it forced itself upon the reading public. There was in his case that adjustment between worker and medium through which even the common idioms of the language—because they are not strained—glow unusually; but that broad lesson was lost upon a host of writers who, with nothing very emphatic to say, still pounded away and were surprised that they were not caught up with general applause. Any one who follows the verse that is coming out must be aware that writers are seldom born to their manner. A neatly turned sonnet appears from time to time, together with a multitude of short "conceits," well enough in their way but sounding not at all inevitable. For the rest, there are, aside from the dwindling imitations of Kipling, vague experiments with that fringe of consciousness and transitory soul-stirrings which to be felt significantly must be conveyed in literary expression that does not falter.

Writers have seemingly forgotten that poetry as well as prose must have style. In the days of Pope that fact was generally known, perhaps too well known, and fine poets ever since have appreciated it. But the reaction which followed upon the eighteenth-century manner has left to-day the false impression that poetry is freed from the necessity of keeping to any very definite form. Wordsworth, by the inconsistency of his theory and practice, may have helped to bring this about, but chiefly the multiplicity of metres which were practiced in the nineteenth century has tended to bewilder young poets and to keep those having something worth saying from hitting upon ways to bring it out clearly. Poetry, we often hear, is free and has countless tongues. Wordsworth wrote of the skylark in one metrical scheme, Shelley in another. Ideas are welcome in any poetical form, provided they make themselves felt; but with so many forms at hand it requires a master's instinct to select aright. Metre is only a part of poetic style, yet a sharp restriction placed upon it just now would undoubtedly foster an instinct for the other elements. Whatever the disadvantages of the heroic couplet, with its often monotonous pulsations, through it at least Pope and his followers got masterly control of their ideas.

A good test of the question whether style is present in verse is its degree of quotableness. How much of what one sees to-day in the periodicals and tenderly planned little volumes of verse lingers in the memory—this in spite of the fact that some of it causes astonishment by its ingenious fancy? Poets may reply that their subjects are not of the sort which people talk about—the sun setting or rising, man's brief moment of life, etc. The answer is that Shakespeare's best-known lines often deal with the most intangible phases of existence. Quotableness means that poetry is fulfilling its function of stirring a man. Present-day verse needs, for one thing, epigrammatic force. While the essay has adopted that means, poetry too often wanders after the exquisite, the elegant manner. There was more than passing significance in the zest with which the public seized upon Kipling's recent line, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." Whatever its truth, it phrases aptly the relation to which much thought is given these days. For want of like matter, people fill their memory with jingling advertisements.

The discipline which would be wholesome for verse, and which seems necessary before any considerable body of it will make a powerful appeal, cannot, of course, be prescribed. To-day, as formerly, true mastery must come to a writer finally through his own gropings; but no writer is likely to achieve it without the conviction that style is as essential in good poetry as in good prose, even though less evident, and that he must choose the style which shall intensify and not dilute his personality.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Mr. Henderson's biography of Shaw is a portly volume of five hundred and four pages, lavishly and in part excellently illustrated, freely annotated, amply indexed, trebly prefaced, bristling with facsimiles, supplemented with a family tree, and launched, at last, with the promise of an appendix in a separate volume.* The author's extraordinary industry, his skill in extracting from contemporary literature, both English and foreign, the pithiest comments on a man who possessed in a high degree the Falstaffian property of evoking wit from others, and, above all, his intimacy with Mr. Shaw himself have enabled him to freight his work with merchandise of indisputable value. Mr. Henderson's gift is accumulative rather than selective, and his material interests us a good deal more than his efforts to assay or classify it. He calls his work "a critical biography," but the criticism is confined to the literature—a restriction adverse to symmetry; and, even in this field, his judgments, though often sound and sometimes discriminating, are inferior in interest to his facts and his citations. His style is of that average grade which would find a defense or at least a shelter in the exceptional interest of his material, if he would not remind us of its mediocrity by his efforts to assert its distinction. He is still young enough to learn to smile (or to shudder) with his readers at expressions like "delineated portrayal," "enthused," "frantically complex," "cranky immoralist," "a phenomenally clever dilettante in novelism."

I.

There are telltale brevities and eloquent omissions in Mr. Henderson's work which favor the conclusion that Mr. Shaw, by eccentricity of temper or peculiarity of experience, was shut out from about four-fifths of what constitutes for normal men the real interests of life. We see first the almost certain lack of any genuine home life in childhood and youth; the postponement of marriage to a late period when character had ceased to be plastic; the want of children; the failure to mix in ordinary, to say nothing of fashionable, society; the self-confessed absence of any patriotism for either his native or his adopted country; the apparent poverty of religious emotion; the austere and vegetarian proclivities which debarred him from those animal enjoyments which help so much in making men intelligible to one another. The aloofness of the most extreme of the moderns from the life of his time, though explained perhaps by the suggestion that his modernity consisted of his repudiation of the normal, remains exceedingly remarkable; and it helps to explain another equally remarkable fact in Mr. Shaw as a man of letters—that a man with perhaps the best pair of eyes and ears in England and possessed of a passion, almost a mania, for truth-telling, should have produced works whose deviations from reality might rouse astonishment in a dullard or a child.

The human spirit in other men is legible to us only through symbols, through speech, bearing, action; observation grasps the symbols only, and their meanings must be referred to those powers of interpretation whose range is determined by our internal experience. Mr. Shaw interprets other men in terms of Shaw, and the distance between Shaw and other men perverts his interpretations. The first man waiting for a tram-car on a curbstone, without one twentieth of Mr. Shaw's alertness of vision or knowledge of history and affairs, is master of an intimacy with life which the author of "Candida" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is powerless to acquire or to conceive. Mr. Shaw cannot even understand the favorite objects of his own assault and denunciation. He besieges us with diatribes against convention, but of the fixity and finality of the grip laid by that force upon its votaries, its arch-enemy and censor has not the faintest idea. His conventionalists, Sergius, Morell, Ramsden, Sir Howard Hallam, capitulate after what Mr. Shaw sincerely believes to be a hard struggle, but what every normal reader knows to be an unnaturally and laughably ineffectual resistance. To Mr. Shaw convention is bluff; for most people it divides with matter the honor of being the really solid thing in life. For the characters in these plays society was framed yesterday; its structure is an impromptu, erected on trestles, so to speak, replaceable to-morrow or next day by another and more commodious impromptu. The persistency and the pugnacity of a habit in an individual or of an institution in the social framework lie outside of their boldest conjecture.

II.

It is in characterization proper, however, that the mixture of truth and error in Mr. Shaw is most conspicuous and astonishing. Never, perhaps, was a gift for drawing men so brilliant and remarkable hampered by inhibitions so startling and so extensive. Mr. Shaw's walk and conversation have apparently never brought him into contact with what we Americans ingenuously call "a nice girl": the nearest approach is in Lady Cicely Waynflete, a delicious impossibility, past thirty. He has never encountered a young man whom he and the reader can agree in calling attractive, and he draws young fellows like Valentine and Charteris without the faintest surmise that their place is in the Zoölogical Museum. He cannot draw an attractive wife and mother. If he stumbles upon a character in the educated circles whom we might find likable if we were let alone (Cuthbertson, Morell, Hector), he pulls our sleeve at every other minute to remind us that this person (and his admirers) are intellectually contemptible. The educated characters are for Mr. Shaw only incidentally human: primarily, they are either expositors or exemplifications, for good or evil, of the truth of his social propaganda.

But let Mr. Shaw light upon a character who is fortunate enough to lie within the range of his experience and outside the pale of his theories, and where among living writers shall we look for delineations more faithful, more vivid, more impartial? In the presence of a footman, a waiter, a chauffeur, a portress, he forgets his Schopenhauer and his Nietzsche, and dips his pen into the inkstand of Thackeray or Dickens, to produce the excellent Nicola, the consummate Straker, the irresistible Emmy, and the ineffable William. Scoundrelism of the earthy type, reeking with gross health and redolent of vile prosperity, he paints with a sureness and force that raise Mrs. Warren and Sir George Crofts to the rank of undoubted masterpieces. It is this faculty that vitalizes his Napoleon; and in his Cæsar—a man of quite another mould—he has achieved a figure which as Julius Cæsar is grotesquely impossible, but which as a mere man is among the most lifelike and suggestive delineations on record. On a lower plane he can draw characters of a telling but tricky incisiveness (Vivie, Philip, Burgoyne, Tanner, Lady Britomart) and admirable burlesques (Bohun, Bloomfield-Bonington) in which comedy skirts the boundaries of farce. The matter may be briefly put thus: Mr. Shaw can draw superbly any character which is pervious to his intelligence and at the same time impervious to his personality; the subtlest of men, he succeeds best with those simple characters into which the infusion of his own subtlety is impracticable, and his gift is surest when a wide distance either of social rank (William) or moral plane (Crofts) or time and calling (Cæsar) divides the sitter from the artist.

III.

In the field of pure drama we find the same correlation of superlative merit and incorrigible defects. Against the seriousness of purpose which dignifies even the lightest of the plays we must set the lawlessness of a thesis which rejects the limitations of art, and, like the coach on the field during the game, violates all the decencies by assuming the public direction of acts of which it should be only the secret incentive. An incomparable eye for truth, in both ac-

*George Bernard Shaw. By Archibald Henderson. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $5 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion and character, is half neutralized by a mental bias which permits not merely the view, but even the vision, of life to be warped by a confined experience and an obtrusive philosophy. Mr. Shaw is not a born story-teller and tolerates plot as a necessary evil. There is no instance of a strong story evenly sustained: we find stories that are merely dilated or diluted situations ("Candida"), stories of great initial promise ravelling out in the sequel ("You Never Can Tell," "Arms and the Man"), stories shredded into mere incidents ("Caesar and Cleopatra"), stories successfully evolved but burlesqued in the telling ("The Devil's Disciple," "Captain Brassbound's Conversion"), stories too scant for their frame and eked out with superfluous characters or double plots ("Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Man and Superman"). On the other hand, Mr. Shaw's treatment of incident is masterly; he is expert in evoking phase after phase from a living, growing, procreative situation. This plasticity is referable to a like trait in the characters, who are persons of quick and various, if not profound, sensibility, as prompt to shift their own moods as to recognize changes in the attitude of others. No one who does not confuse feeling with passion need feel bound to deny its presence in Mr. Shaw. The Hibernian warmth of his temper, which makes his very logic exhilarating, transforms even a theoretically quiet dialogue into an endless play and counterplay of varied emotional reactions. Add to this the creative eye, and the proof of Mr. Shaw's consummate faculty for bringing out the dramatic possibilities of single scenes or situations is complete.

The prime object in drama—the giving of transcendent sharpness of definition to the wedge formed by two converging and powerful alternatives—Mr. Shaw has achieved once consummately in "Candida," again with abated power in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and again with much less sharpness in the "Doctor's Dilemma"; elsewhere the end is not attained. The technique is rather dainty than robust. To Mr. Shaw as to his archetype, Ibsen, the articulation of details is a matter of higher obligation than the exclusion of a superfluous person or a detachable underplot. Between the hatred of crudity and the equally intense hatred of the obvious remedy for crudity, to wit, artifice, the path of the modern technician is as straitened as the Biblical way conducting (by an omen propitious to authors) to eternal life. Few of Mr. Shaw's stories, under an absolutely inartificial treatment, would occupy the time needed for a play, and, if artifice be disowned, wadding is the alternative. Mr. Shaw's obligations to coincidence are considerable, and his reckless mixture of *genres* in the same work reminds us of the dictum in his eugenics that the greatest freedom of intermarriage is conducive to the vigor of the offspring.

On the score of dialogue, even if we leave humor out of the reckoning and deduct all we please for occasional rant, rhetoric, and prolixity, to what other works in modern drama, English or Continental, can we point for so exquisite a reconcilement of the competing and conflicting claims of literary art and of the spontaneity of nature? Mr. Shaw's language as far outstrips Ibsen's in pliancy, felicity, and grace as it leaves Sheridan and Goldsmith hopelessly in the rear in point of racy movement and unfettered impulse. Its ease is the justification of its craft.

What shall be said in summary of Mr. Shaw's dramatic claims? From a purpose generative of seriousness but hostile to art, from a love of truth finding parallel outlets in impressive realism and flagrant misconception, from inexpertness in plot and mastery of incident and situation, from a technique rather elegant than vigorous, from high but sparingly exercised powers of concentration and climax, from humor that has become a proverb and a commonplace, from dialogue of unsurpassed trenchancy and felicity—only one inference can be drawn. The author must be relegated to the second rank, but his adhesion makes the second rank illustrious.

IV.

Mr. Shaw's attitude towards morality and the chivalric and romantic ideals is distinctive enough to claim a word in the briefest review of the man's work and spirit.

The repudiation of morality, virtue, and duty has proved in Mr. Shaw's case one of the most effectual compensations and consolations for the shortcomings of this earthly life. The totality of these disavowals is nevertheless a ground of reassurance. Condemnation of morality *en bloc* is commonly as harmless as condemnation of food or literature or human nature *en bloc*. Mr. Shaw's censures of virtue exhibit every trait that should quiet the doubts of the anxious conservator of the moral law: the sweep of the assertions, the loudness of the enunciations, the eagerness to repeat, the slowness to define, and the reluctance to specify. Again, his most reckless characters, his most daring situations, are never safe from a relapse into decorum, a backsliding into goodness. The riotous "Philanderer" concludes by marrying off the social rebel and sending levity and lewdness about their business; the bedroom scene in "Arms and the Man" might give lessons in propriety to many stage drawing-rooms; the advanced young woman in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" winds up her professions of liberality by treating her mother in the precise fashion that would have been approved by Miss Elizabeth Bennet and Miss Kate Nickleby; the "Devil's Disciple" serves the devil after the fashion of Sydney Carton; the outrage so energetically defended in "Man and Superman" is swept aside to be replaced by a legal marriage; the freebooter in "Major Barbara" turns philanthropist, and the orgy called "Getting Married" ends in homage to the legalities it has contemned.

If we ask Mr. Shaw to define the immoralities which he sanctions, he replies thus:

> I am myself . . . a liar, a coward, a thief, and a sensualist: and it is my deliberate, cheerful, and entirely self-respecting intention to continue to the end of my life deceiving people, avoiding danger, making my bargains with publishers and managers on principles of supply and demand instead of abstract justice, and indulging all my appetites whenever circumstances commend such actions to my judgment.

As a programme of moral insurrection, nothing could be more startling—in its mildness. Mr. Shaw clearly belongs to that variety of toper who orders cognac and drinks lemonade.

In the last analysis Mr. Shaw's ethics are pretty much in accord with those of his compatriots and contemporaries, and the margin of difference which actually exists is in part the effect of an unusual trust in the soundness of our unbidden and unchidden human nature—a view for which the sharers in that commodity should scarcely take him to task—and in part a very innocent, if somewhat infantine, parade of naughtiness. A like disparity between advertisement and performance occurs in the unmasking of the hollowness of military ideals in "Arms and the Man." One is tempted to ask: Where is the hollowness? In the ideals or in the exposure? The difference between Bluntschli's conduct and that of a reputable English officer is surely too inconsiderable to be worth the trouble of dramatic exploitation, or the effort it must have cost King Edward VII to abstain from smiling throughout an entire performance.

Mr. Shaw's divergence from the public on these points is chiefly nominal and spectacular; in his vituperations of romantic love he is both more serious and more peculiar. He has failed, however, to make out his case. Illusion need not be insincere or valueless. That love deceives itself as to its own depth and duration may be conceded without assenting to what appears to be Mr. Shaw's conviction that love between the sexes consists of two ingredients, appetite and humbug. The lovers say fine things which they do not feel. But negative assertions as to the psychology of other minds are rather insusceptible of proof. Nobody should be in a hurry to say what his neighbor does not feel, especially with respect to matters which his neighbor makes a point of keeping

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

private. It may be admitted that in all except the lowest or the highest minds there is a strong bent towards histrionic exaggeration—which means, of course, pretence or sham—in the expression of emotions that do us credit. That this edge of falsity in no way disproves their essential genuineness is clear from the fact that it is nowhere more conspicuous than in motherhood; and that our realists and mentors do not escape from its effects is evinced in the circumstance that its ring is distinctly audible in the lyric outbursts in Mr. Shaw's plays in which his favorite characters voice the sentiments of their creator. We are readily persuaded of the unreality of sentiments which we do not share, and, in the case of the higher elements in love, Mr. Shaw attributes to the main passion the spuriousness which belongs to its exaggerations.

V.

It is the fashion to criticise the substance of Mr. Shaw's views as unsound and to charge their mode of utterance with dogmatism and superficiality, with perversity and paradox. If the public's safety or sanity is the object in mind, it is clear that the second of these strictures is an extenuation of the first. The real social danger is the man who is more superficial than he seems: the man in whom the appearance of superficiality equals or exceeds the fact is comparatively harmless. Everything that can put a thoughtful man on his guard—brilliancy, impetuosity, cocksureness, exaggeration, paradox—confronts us without disguise or alleviation in the coruscating paragraphs of Mr. Shaw. If he digs a pit beside the way to the alarm of nervous pedestrians, it is he himself who hangs the red lantern over the excavation. The panic he awakens in the breast of the stolid conservative is a guaranty against a premature conquest of the world on the part of his revolutionary ideas.

Mr. Shaw is superficial only in the sense that his credulity for what he likes is unlimited, and that his verifications are hasty and incomplete; in the sense that his thought is obvious or cheap, easily matched or readily replaceable, superficial he is not. Had Voltaire written: "Man is the only animal which esteems itself rich in proportion to the number and voracity of its parasites," the world would have celebrated his astuteness. Had the sentence: "Life does not cease to be funny when people die any more that it ceases to be serious when people laugh," occurred in George Eliot or George Meredith its profundity would have been hailed with acclamations. In point of knowledge, again, he has no doubt often been surpassed, but few men have got so much work out of their facts; all that Mr. Shaw knows is on duty in the field, and most of it is on the firing line. As to logic, he is rather too much a master of the *game* to be an expert in the *business*. The very deftness of his dialectic has made him almost independent of reason, since conviction is nowhere so little at the mercy of logic as where logic itself is versatile enough to furnish a defence for any thesis.

That Mr. Shaw, then, is not a deliberate, a careful, or a judicial thinker, that he would be an unsure teacher and an unsafe guide, is perfectly true. But the ingredient of soundness or sanity is, or ought to be, sufficiently provided for in other sections of the body politic, unless, indeed, we are to dismiss as intellectually useless the large, cautious, common-sense class from whom Mr. Shaw's critics are recruited. The answer to the charge that Mr. Shaw is not Mr. Hallam or Mr. Lecky or Mr. Bryce or any other weighty and trustworthy mind is that Mr. Hallam and Mr. Lecky and Mr. Bryce are not Mr. Shaw. Are we so burdened with suggestiveness, are we so cumbered with originality, that we can afford to despise these virtues for their failure to ally themselves with intellectual merits of a different or even opposite kind? Has the faculty of novel and illuminative suggestion been so invariably associated with the fullness of the testing and verifying instinct that the world has a right to regard their separation as a grievance? Mr. Shaw is, primarily, an incentive, an irritant, provocative. From time to time the world needs to be startled or stung into a reconsideration of its axioms: cogency enough to command the attention of the thoughtful is indispensable to the assailant; but, this foothold once secured, hardihood, dash, gayety, mockery, tartness, arrogance, whimsicality, bravado, are more to the purpose than more solid traits. The ratio of truth to error in Mr. Shaw's propaganda is not the measure of its value; the substitution of reasoned for mechanical beliefs is quite as beneficial as the substitution of right views for wrong; and the settlement of title would still be invaluable if the verdict gave back the whole estate to the defendant.

VI.

From this curious life and work emerge, very slowly, a little dimly and brokenly, outlines of a rugged and grotesque nobility. The question of sincerity seems to be laid to rest once for all by Mr. Henderson's picture of the man gifted with talents that might have made him the envy of drawing-rooms or the favorite of a thoughtless public devoting the prime of his years to the laborious, unpaid, and unapplauded propagation of a gospel of economic reform. The other evidence is of like character. In an age when asceticism carries no premium, Mr. Shaw has maintained an abstinence that borders on heroism. His humanity has been as unwavering as his truculence: he has been implacable towards cruelty in the economic order and in the field of sport; he has anathematized vivisection with more zeal perhaps than wisdom; and his campaign against war, if not always consistent, has been fearless and vigorous. Mr. Henderson cites the following sentence: "I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community, and as long as I live it is my privilege to do for it whatsoever I can." Expressions of this kind in the conventional mouth mean little more than an astute recognition of their rhetorical and social value. But what could have nerved Mr. Shaw to the utterance of a sentiment so orthodox? Nothing, surely, but its truth.

O. W. Firkins.

University of Minnesota

Correspondence

THE TEACHER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of Mr. Bertram Benedict printed in your issue of January 18 raises a query whether all of our solemn, high-sounding talk about the value and importance of education is not an ocean of bosh and buncombe. Can a matter be of such worth and gravity that is committed to the hands of failures? According to Mr. Benedict, college and university teachers are unfit for other work—and I suppose for fully nine-tenths he is right. For the grades below these—one-fifth men and four-fifths women—his dictum would apply still more severely, certainly so as to the males, in my opinion after an experience of some years among them as a brother. The case is still more indisputable as to the females who, according to general belief, are for the most part in the school room only because they could not make fortunate marriages. Can any general effort be fundamental that is managed only by derelicts? Have we been hugging a fool's delusion all these centuries in attaching such weight to this formal training? We have been guilty of just such folly in at least two similar instances. In mediæval days Europe worshipped the astrologists. For nearly two millenniums we all bowed down to the Christian ministry. Is education to be the third of these discarded fancies?

Does this general inferiority of teachers help to explain two of the serious social evils that we lead in among the great nations, lawlessness and divorce? Both of these are due to weakness of will and deficiency in the sense of duty on the part of the individual. Our murder record is appalling, while we are virtually the only nation classed as civilized that indulges in the pastime of lynching. In legal dissolution of the marital tie we head the white countries, coming next to Japan, which up to a short time ago we all looked on as "heathen." If we teachers are generally second rate in ability, isn't it inevitable that pupils will not form habits of self-control, that they will go out into life sub-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ject to unregulated impulses, indifferent to obligation, each with an eye to his own pleasure alone? Aren't these two terrible social maladies traceable to these defects of character? If so, a grievous responsibility weighs upon us to change our opinion of the pedagogical profession, and soberly set ourselves to work to elevate the calling so that persons of prime character and capacity will proudly enter the field as laborers. E. S.

Washington, D. C., February 7.

SAINT BERNARD AND "NATURE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent "J. H." (*Nation*, February 1), and others if they have not examined the passages, may be interested in the direct use which Wordsworth makes of a sentiment from Bernard of Clairvaux. I quote from the excellent guide to Tintern Abbey by Breakspear and Evans, who observe that "monasteries of the Cistercian Order were usually placed in sequestered valleys, by the side of running water" (p. 48). According to Bernard:

Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius.

This Wordsworth renders in "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" 2. 3. 1-5:

Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
A brighter crown.

The sonnet is entitled "Cistertian Monastery." In a note, Wordsworth remarks that, according to Dr. Whitaker, the Latin sentence "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistercian houses." From previous references we gather that he alludes to Thomas Dunham Whitaker's "History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven"; but, in a cursory examination of a slightly imperfect copy, I have not found the passage. I should be grateful to some student of mediæval literature who would refer me to the exact source in Bernard. The context might determine the force of "here." Mr. Evans apparently takes it to mean "in sequestered valleys," for he quotes:

Bernardus valles, colles Benedictus amabat,
Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes.

As to the general question raised by "J. H." one may fancy there is some danger in supposing that the attitude assumed towards external nature in the Middle Ages was utterly remote from that of the last century, if both may be united in one modern poet. At all events, it will hardly do to forget that the author of "Expostulation and Reply"—which is often misinterpreted by those who have not read the sonnets on "Personal Talk"—was the author of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" as well, one of the noblest contributions to the devotional literature of England; or that the "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey" came from the same imagination as the "Stanzas Suggested in a Steamboat off Saint Bees' Heads."

I am tempted to mention, in closing, the paper delivered by Mr. Havens of Rochester University, at the recent meeting of the Modern Language Association, in which he ably contended that what we call the feeling for nature never has been wanting, in English literature at any rate, from the time of the Old English poem of "The Seafarer" to Wordsworth. I suspect, however, that our present "attitude to nature" is conventional in a bad sense of the word, and that we occasionally need a Bernard, or a Dante, or some of the less familiar parts of Wordsworth, to break up certain stereotyped associations, and otherwise to set us right.

Lane Cooper.

Ithaca, N. Y., February 3.

THE CASE OF MACKAIL VS. CRITICISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a penetrating criticism of J. W. Mackail's "Lectures on Poetry" (*Nation*, February 1), your reviewer, referring to Professor Mackail, writes the following words:

At bottom it is the purely emotional and elusive in poetry that attracts him. "Criticism," he asserts, "in its true sense, is simply appreciation," that is to say it is not fundamentally an exercise of judgment, but an attempt to surrender one's self to the mood of the poet, and to make admiration synonymous with wonder.

There appears to be a certain confusion of thought in this statement, and it is partly due to the fact that Professor Mackail has not sought to translate his intuitions into intellectual formulæ. The difficulty lies in your critic's inability or refusal to distinguish between "the purely emotional and elusive," which is not the appealing element in poetry to Professor Mackail, and that purely spiritual and silent life of poetry which is known as inspiration, and which, being infinite, is only profaned by definition.

Professor Mackail is a poet, and because he is a poet he knows that inspiration is the only element in poetry for which we need care. Like all true poets, he is humble, and knows furthermore that inspiration is not susceptible to an intellectual judgment. We may analyze and value everything save life, but life we must be content to appreciate humbly. Judgment has its value, but it is based on analysis rather than on synthesis. In poetry, it should be left as an attribute of divinity. A poet is quite unconscious of it, and when he becomes a critic he has the authority of his vocation for being an impressionistic critic.

This suggests a compromise which, so far as I know, has not yet been proposed. If the critic of poetry is a poet, let his criticism be impressionistic, for he has a higher standard of values than other men, and it has the advantage of being unconscious and unfailing so long as he is loyal to it. A man who has once known beauty is set apart, and to him the only possible standard of values is silent beauty. I think we may trust him, if he is sincere, to value poetry aright. But to those whom beauty has not troubled, it doubtless appears to be "emotional and elusive."

If the critic of poetry be not a poet, the best we can ask of him is an intellectual judgment based on reasoned rather than intuitive values. In fact, we must pray that he will not attempt to go beyond it. Against our compromise, however, is set once more the fact that only those who have experience are prepared to speak with authority. Because poetry is a rare experience only known in its fulness to poets, it should seem that they should be chosen as the sole proper critics of their fellows. A poet demands fair judgment by his peers.

Can we fairly say that such a judgment is merely æsthetic, or is this not tantamount to the denial of an absolute? To speak plainly, such an attitude as this towards poetry and criticism would more properly seem to be conceived "*in vacuo*" than that of Professor Mackail. To the speech of your prosecuting counsel in the case of Mackail vs. Criticism, the poets who form the jury of the defendant's peers, from Sir Philip Sidney to Professor Woodberry unanimously, reply, "Not guilty." The case is discharged.

Edward J. O'Brien.

Boston, February 5.

"TELLS HIS TALE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Kenyon dissents (*Nation*, January 25), from my interpretation of "L'Allegro," 67 (*Nation*, January 11). So far as I can sum up his dissent it amounts to this.

In citing the "Cursor Mundi," and Lambeth Homily phrase, "tell a tale," meaning "set account by," as evidence of the numerical use denied by the Oxford Dictionary, I am guilty of a sheer blunder; the phrase shows "absolutely nothing of the numerical sense." Indeed! My critic seems to be unaware of the play between cause and effect, common in all language. In modern English a man takes no *account* of a thing, because he deems it not worth the *counting*. In earlier English he did not tell the tale because he judged the tale not worth the telling. *Tell* and *tale* are parallel in thought-evolution with *count* and *account*.

Next, all Professor Kenyon's examples and conclusions drawn from Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" and other pastoral poetry are irrelevant. "L'Allegro" is not in the least a conventional pastoral poem; rather it is a highly realistic poem, sketching—as with the needle of a Rembrandt—the salient incidents of a summer day. Spenser's shepherds meet and talk, for—as conventional beings—they have nothing else to do; but Milton's shepherd is as real as the ploughman, the milkmaid, the mower, and like them he has work to perform; lines 57-68 are descriptive of early morning, sunrise in an English summer; that is, four to five o'clock, if not earlier. Professor Kenyon represents the sun as blazing hot, to justify the shepherds in sheltering themselves under the hawthorn. Does the ploughman whistle, does the milkmaid milk in this blazing noonday sun? Or shall we assume that the clock has been abruptly moved up eight hours between line 65 and line 67? Truly, that would be the pace, not of John Milton, but of the moving-picture show. I must insist upon the point that we are dealing with sunrise, and that the shepherd's duty at sunrise is to go over the tale of his sheep to make sure that all is well. In the matter of story-telling proper, Milton has his say in lines 100-116.

Further, Professor Kenyon's conception of the Towneley play is fundamentally wrong. One can only marvel at such exegesis as this: "After counting their sheep, the shepherds meet *under* the thorn (*con-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ventionally, for it is cold) to compare notes, *just as Cuddie and Willie do* in Browne." Italics are mine. Now the real action of the play is this. After awaking and letting Mak depart, the shepherds —suspicious of harm—agree to count their several flocks and to meet *at,* not *under,* "the crooked thorn," to compare "counts." And when they meet, the Primus Pastor announces the theft of "a fat wether." Whereas, in Browne, Cuddie and Willie do not meet at the hawthorn, but go thither in company, and when there begin their discourse. In other words, Browne is conventional. But the author of the Towneley play needed a meetingplace for the actions of his characters. And this meeting place, "the crooked thorn," is anything but a conventional imagining; on the contrary, it is an actual landmark in the Wakefield country. See Peacock, *Anglia* XXIV, 519. J. M. HART.

Cornell University, February 5.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I remember, before we published the "Tales from the Telling-House," my old friend, the late Mr. R. D. Blackmore, telling me that the title of this collection of stories came to his mind from association with the Telling-Houses on Exmoor, where the shepherds had the flocks collected handy, so that all the variously marked sheep could be separated into small flocks belonging to the different owners. As each sheep was passed the shepherd "told its tale"—*i. e.,* cried out the name of the owner from the mark, and it was placed with his lot. In his Preface to the book he refers to the Telling-House being so called "because people come here to tell their own sheep from their neighbors', when they fetch them home again"; *i. e.,* after running loose and feeding together on the common land of the moor.

R. B. MARSTON.

London, January 24.

Literature

PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS.

Principles of Economics. By F. W. Taussig, Henry Lee Professor of Economics in Harvard University. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 volumes. $4 net.

In these eminently readable volumes, Professor Taussig has covered the leading questions of economic theory and has discussed almost every important phase of the practical economic issues of the present day. Though assuming no previous study of the subject, the book is addressed to readers of mature intelligence, and is accordingly free from that didactic stiffness which is so often regarded as necessary for the accurate inculcation of economic doctrines. It has neither the rigidity of a textbook nor the insistence of the preacher of a particular economic gospel, whether theoretical or practical; but, on the other hand, it has none of the looseness of a "popular" exposition. The subject is unfolded with freedom and breadth, but without any sacrifice either of accuracy or of lucidity. It would be difficult to find, in the eleven hundred pages of Professor Taussig's work, a sentence of which the meaning is not perfectly clear, or an argument of which the logic is faulty.

If one were to go further, and say that there are few conclusions laid down by Professor Taussig from which any considerable number of competent economists would seriously dissent, he would not be going much beyond the truth. To those who have formed the habit of regarding political economy as a welter of conflicting views and unsettled questions, this assertion may seem startling. That it is nevertheless true is to be explained by several considerations. In the first place, the real and substantial conflict of opinion was never so great as it has sometimes been represented, if we but bar out the vagaries of individual writers whose peculiar crotchets have been thrust into unmerited prominence. Secondly, such differences as have existed—and they have undeniably been many and important—have been magnified, perhaps naturally enough, in the ardor of controversy. In the third place, the attrition of honest discussion has, in the past two or three decades, brought about something very like a general consensus on a large part of the matters in controversy. But all these causes together do not suffice fully to explain the fact we have in mind—the fact that, as we have said, few of the conclusions set down in Professor Taussig's book would be strongly objected to by any considerable body of qualified economists; for, over and above these considerations relating to the subject matter, there is another which lies in the character of the book itself.

Professor Taussig's work is singularly free from controversial character; and this result is due partly to the almost impeccable fairness and candor with which every subject is treated, but partly also to another circumstance which has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. In comparison with most treatises on economics, there is an almost startling paucity of discussions of varying views, whether as matters of historical importance, of contemporary significance, or merely as illustrations of modes of thought. The subject is developed with a smooth and even flow, and a reader who had had no previous acquaintance with political economy would not suspect that what is set forth with such calm lucidity has been the subject-matter of fierce dispute, the cause of many a hard-fought battle between supporters of opposing dogmas. Professor Taussig sets forth his own conclusion, which is almost always the conclusion of common sense—that kind of trained common sense which, as has been said, is one of the most uncommon things in the world; and though the judgment may be that which would be demanded by the Trojan, he is careful to point out the considerations that might properly be urged by the Tyrian, whenever he thinks it important that these should be borne in mind as qualifying the result. To definitions, that great stumbling-block of economic theory, is given scant honor—a wise policy, in our judgment—but here again we have a reason for the absence of much controversial matter. And if we add that Professor Taussig emancipates himself, once for all, from the obligation of earmarking any particular opinion or method of treatment as distinctively his own, and very rarely goes into the origin or history of economic doctrines, we have gone far towards indicating the reasons for the comparative absence of highly contentious matter in his book.

One instance may serve in some measure to illustrate these points: Professor Taussig gives to the subject of the single tax a brief but eminently fair and lucid discussion; but the name of Henry George is not so much as mentioned. He distinguishes sharply between the proposal to confiscate the entire rental value of land and the proposal to appropriate for the community the whole or a part of the future "unearned increment" of that value; nor is there ground for the slightest complaint that his judgment on either of these proposals is wanting in definiteness or even in emphasis. To the second proposal he gives a friendly hearing, and declares that the day is gone by when objections of the kind usually advanced against it are felt to be insuperable. "The dogma of an unrestricted right of property, and the belief in the expediency of the exercise of that right without a jot or tittle of abatement, have been shaken beyond repair." As for the proposal of confiscation of existing land values, on the other hand, Professor Taussig's conclusion is that, "unless the whole institution of private property be remade or abolished, the existing rights to land, as they have been allowed to develop through the centuries, must be respected." The great majority of intelligent readers will probably follow Professor Taussig in his argument, and assent to his conclusion; but they will not have the feeling of having been brought face to face with the single-tax doctrine, as aggressively asserted by Henry George and his followers, and of having come to grapples with the specific arguments by which it is buttressed.

In matters belonging more distinctly to the domain of economic theory, there would often, in our judgment, have been great advantage in giving to economic errors more attention and more prominence than Professor Taussig's method of exposition assigns to them. That discussions of fallacies and misconceptions have occupied so large a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

space in economic literature is not an accident; neither has it been altogether due to excessive combativeness on the part of individual writers or to their magnifying of the importance of their own pet ideas. These faults have, indeed, been very frequently in evidence; but Professor Taussig goes to the opposite extreme. He acts upon the assumption that when he has given the correct analysis of an economic phenomenon, when he has set forth with accuracy and force an economic doctrine and the reasoning upon which it is based, he has met all the needs of the fair-minded student or reader. But the greatest benefit which a training in economic science confers is the fortifying of the mind against those misconceptions and unsound methods of thinking which experience has shown to have such an insidious and almost unshakable hold upon the majority of mankind; and, while undoubtedly the intelligent following of such a succession of able and clear-cut discussions as constitute the work before us cannot fail to bring about a great deal of benefit of this kind, it is only by actual collision with the false or vicious or hazy notions with which economic discussion abounds that we can, speaking generally, hope to make an impression so deep and abiding as to serve as a safeguard against these pitfalls. In the discussion of the question of population, for example, the presentation given by Professor Taussig cannot be pronounced other than excellent; and yet the reader, though troubled by no obscurities, and annoyed neither by dogmatism nor by vagueness, will, in nine cases out of ten, be quite defenceless against the first glib magazine writer who presents a confident *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine of Malthus. It is curious to note here, by the way, that Professor Taussig, true to his general method, makes no mention of Malthus's arithmetical and geometrical progression. The discussion of the "Mercantile" view of the balance of trade is one of the few instances in which he deliberately sets forth a fallacious view at some length; and its absurdity is characterized with appropriate vigor of language. "The astonishing thing," says Professor Taussig, "is that, notwithstanding the simplicity of these truths, and their repeated and widespread exposition, ignorance regarding them should be so common." It *is* astonishing, no doubt; but the same astonishing difficulty is encountered in keeping firmly fixed in the mind of the ordinary man, however intelligent otherwise, almost any of the cardinal doctrines of economics.

It should hardly be necessary to say that in speaking of the comparative absence of serious differences of competent economic opinion, we had in view those matters of broad principle or of analytic insight which form the backbone of an economic treatise; the case is, of course, quite different in regard to practical judgments which turn either on an estimate of the particular conditions of the present time or on views of public policy in which strictly economic considerations enter only as one, though perhaps a dominating, factor. Throughout the work, Professor Taussig keeps in view the actualities of our time and of this country, and in no respect is his book more admirable than in the way in which, in discussing the questions of the day, he maintains a spirit of scrupulous impartiality without the sacrifice of vigor or vitality. He does not attempt to settle *ex cathedra* questions which admit of no such settlement; but he puts the reader into possession of those elements upon which a sound judgment of them must rest. Of this examples are to be found throughout the book; there are two or three instances which seem deserving of special notice. The two very short chapters on railways present, with exemplary lucidity and yet without a particle of tediousness, the considerations bearing on all the chief aspects of railway enterprise and railway regulation; to read these thirty-four pages of interesting and illuminating talk is anything but a hardship, and yet they are sufficient to place the reader, once for all, in a position intelligently to understand one of the most prominent questions of the time. The succeeding chapter, dealing with Public Ownership and Public Control, is even more remarkable as a vivid presentation of the human elements that enter into the question of governmental versus private management, and into the problem of the taking over of existing private enterprises by the Government. On combinations and Trusts, there is, of course, abundant material to weigh in the balance. We are inclined to think that Professor Taussig underrates the effect of anti-Trust legislation in this country in curbing the development of monopoly; but, on the other hand, he gives no countenance to the manifest-destiny view of advocates of the Trust régime. Speaking of the usual argument of these advocates, from "which it is concluded that unchecked competition will inevitably be carried to the point of general disaster and that combination is the sole means of salvation," he says: "The argument has some foundation; but it cannot be carried far." One of the best examples, perhaps, of the spirit in which the questions of the time are considered is furnished by the discussion of trade-unions; whether one agrees with Professor Taussig or not—and even though one may here wish that he had somewhat more sharply defined his own position—one cannot fail to recognize that he has enabled the reader to judge for himself of the weight to which the various factors in the case are entitled. While he has much to say in favor of the "closed shop," with the accompaniment of the "open union," he makes an extremely important reservation; for, whatever net balance of good over evil there may be in the existence of the closed shop over a large portion of the labor field, he points out the potent reasons why "no dispassionate observer, however strong his sympathies with laborers, can look forward to the universal closed shop without grave misgiving."

In no part of the work, perhaps, is the judicial poise of the author more manifest than in the treatment of Socialism. He holds no brief for the existing order of society; and this evident absence of *parti pris*, shown not merely in general avowals, but in unqualified admission of the weakness of some of the objections usually regarded as fatal to all schemes of Socialism, is calculated to give to the objections he does urge an efficacy, in the minds of those half-inclined to Socialism, which they might not otherwise possess. What these objections are, and in what degree the author regards them as conclusive either for the near or the distant future, we cannot undertake here to indicate; but there is one line along which we cannot but feel that much more might well have been said. On what may be called the deeper human side of the question, that which affects the very innermost texture of life, as distinguished from the comparatively outward results with which the economist is primarily concerned, lies its most critical aspect. How fully Professor Taussig is conscious of this is sufficiently shown by this passage:

> So fundamentally different would be a collectivist organization that it would be rash to predict just what dangers could be avoided in it, just what would be inevitable. . . . The sexual relations are made pure and sweet, and safe for society, not only by the marriage tie and the lawfulness of monogamy, but by care and responsibility for the offspring. Without that responsibility, and all the ambition and affection that go with it, the animal instinct bodes vast dangers. The domestic relations which now enshrine it are highly unselfish within the narrow range of the family, but highly selfish as regards the rest of the world. In their essence, they are individualistic; and it is their very individualism and selfishness which cause them to work to social advantage.

But there are other phases of the influence of the individualist régime upon character and life which seem to us to be less adequately recognized than their pervasive importance would warrant.

The book as a whole is a notable addition to the literature of political economy. The ease born of thorough familiarity with every part of the subject, and of long practice in successful teaching of mature students, is apparent in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the style throughout. One feature that is particularly noticeable is the way in which fundamental ideas are kept to the fore through the mere use of specific turns of language, not only in passages that are directly didactic or analytic, but in those that are purely descriptive. Of this many examples might be given; it may suffice to mention the way in which the reader is thus repeatedly confronted with the idea that exchange is as much a part of production as is anything else. And in these descriptive passages one is continually struck with the graphic and lifelike presentation, which makes them fascinating reading. Thus the characterization of the pulsating changes in the tide of modern business is vivid, telling, picturesque, full of excellent figurative language of a kind to impress the phenomenon effectively upon the reader's mind.

A word may be said in conclusion on the once burning question of economic method. The fires of the controversy that raged so violently two or three decades ago between British and German schools, between deductive and historical and inductive methods, have all but died out; Professor Taussig makes no reference to it. Incidentally, in a single sentence occurring in connection with the subject of free trade, he speaks of "the breakdown of the British school of political economy, and the admitted need of a thorough reconstruction of economic theory." There is a sense in which this expression may be justified, and it is such a sense, we cannot but think, that Professor Taussig had in mind; but it is unfortunate that the only explicit reference to the subject should be such as will be sure to convey to most readers what is, in our judgment, and we venture to say in his also, a thoroughly false impression. The structure built up by the British school of political economy was not, to be sure, nearly so perfect, and especially not nearly so complete, as it was at one time believed to be; it stood in need of correction, of supplementing, of adaptation to the new conditions and new interests of a later day. But no better evidence of its fundamental value, and no better evidence of the error of those who fancied that the science could be built up on wholly different foundations, or by a radically different method, can be desired than Professor Taussig's work furnishes. Widely as its subject-matter differs from that of the classical treatises of the first half of the nineteenth century, and many as are the improvements that it embodies, its central principles and its logical methods are still those which the great masters of the British school impressed upon the science. Economics did not reach the stage of finality, as some imagined, sixty or seventy years ago; it has grown and it has altered. But it still grows from the same root, and in its large lines the tree still presents the same structure and the same appearance.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Marriage Portion. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

"Yes, dear child," says the professor to his daughter, "sex obsession is stamped all over the face of creation, and it is only the American mind that considers it irrelevant to be aware of it, a condition of criticism due to the fact that our literature must all be open to the young girl." This is very, very sad. Mrs. Keays has done her utmost to bring relief to a melancholy situation. True, there has been here and there a novelist who has dared to be a Daniel in these matters. But the author of "The Marriage Portion" has distanced her fellows. One problem at a time has sufficed most writers. Here each character, and there are many, brings contribution to the theme and, bringing very little else, leaves the book a monograph. In the "foremost American university," where the scene is laid, and where a river, the adjacent sea, a stadium, and a "Holy-smoker" dormitory are prominent features, "sex obsession" is the inspiration for the conversation and lives of college society. It occurs to the reviewer, in fact, that this novel may be intended as an opening wedge for the establishment of a college chair whence doctrine may be promulgated that will free "men and women" from the humiliation of being "written of as though they had the emotions of swaddling-clothed infants." Applicants for the professorship should have a smartness at local repartee, a little knowledge of music, including the possibilities in "Scots wha hae" for "frankness and passion" and for the "tenderest and most insistent plea that man ever voiced to woman." Necessary also would be a knack at the personal conducting of marital scenes, and an acquaintance with *lingerie*. Mr. Kipling's feelings are yet to be learned when he shall have read that the accomplished heroine considers "Without Benefit of Clergy" "as artificial as it was a clever exploitation of marionetted emotions."

The Cage. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is a pity that so many earnest people with sermons to preach or lectures to deliver should cherish the illusion that by disguising themselves as novelists they can attract large audiences. One author wishes to give a series of travel lectures on Spain; another to inform the public about the Portuguese conquests in Africa; another to show that unless we return to the belief in immortality the institution of marriage is doomed: each wreaks his idea upon a novel. The purpose of "The Cage" as the preface warns us, is the one last mentioned. Matrimony is, of course, the cage, from which the heroine wishes to escape. Anne Ainslie is married off by her ambitious mother to a rich good-for-nothing. After five years, she leaves him, but there is no divorce. She falls in love with a friend of her childhood; then her husband writes asking her to return. She decides to see him in person and give him a final refusal; but she finds that he has most inopportunely reformed his habits. In this dilemma, she is persuaded by an old clergyman, who bases his lengthy argument upon her belief in immortality, to return to her unloved husband with a view to his salvation. Thus fortified, she is able even to convert her lover to her point of view. The author is evidently sincere, but he does not know how to tell a story.

Riders of the Purple Sage. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Bros.

All that story-tellers about the Western plains have ever dreamed or invented to stir the heart and freeze the blood of those who take their excitement at second hand has been packed into this tale of the Utah border. The author has omitted nothing which mere industry without art could supply. The Mormon terror hangs over the proud fair heiress of wide lands and many cattle desired of the elders of the Church of Latter Day Saints; life is full of stampeding herds, and races against death across the sage. About one hundred lives are dexterously snuffed out before the hero and heroine are safely delivered out of Mormondom and shut up in a wonderful secret valley from the one entrance of which a great rocking stone of the cliff-dwellers has been precipitated upon their pursuers, overwhelming men and horses. The record of mortality is mainly the work of two men, Gentiles in the midst of the enemy, and each of these for his reward carries off a prize of youth and beauty. What would you more?

The Mystery of No. 47. By J. Storer Clouston. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

A quiet and genteel family in St. John's Wood is in domestic difficulties. The cook has left, and the housemaid, a charming young lady in service under an assumed name, is engaged to a young scion of the nobility, who does not know her home or occupation. Suddenly word is received that a meddling epicurean bishop, a relative of the husband, is coming to dinner. Madam goes into the kitchen to cook, and the husband in endeavoring to account for her absence falls into ludicrous contradictions. The bishop, growing suspicious of foul play, calls in Scotland Yard, and there follows an amusing caricature of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the current detective story, in which a regular detective, a sensational reporter, and the husband disguised as a sensational novelist foregather in No. 47 and attempt to unravel mysteries which they have themselves created. The fun is fast, and towards the end farcical, but the idea of the satire is original.

MRS. HARRISON'S MEMOIRS.

Recollections Grave and Gay. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

This book presents four main pictures —a hint of the old South, a full-length portrait of Richmond in war-time, and lighter sketches of Paris of the declining Emperor and New York of regnant Boss Tweed. Mrs. Harrison's manner is spontaneously emotional, at times a shade too near the superlative; but it will be a stolid reader who can witness this passing of heroic or comical ghosts of past years without an occasional brimming of the eyes.

Miss Constance Cary of Carysbroke, Virginia, was related to the Randolphs and Fairfaxes. What is interesting in the account of her girlhood, aside from impressions of dear and eccentric kin, is the sense of the nearness of Europe. Many of her aunts, cousins, and friends married European gentlefolk. A Cary, before the war, would have been perhaps more at home in London or Paris than in New York. Virginia was an outpost of good European manners in America. The fact has obvious bearings upon the Confederate loyalty of such anti-slavery landowners as the Carys. It controverts also Maurice Low's destructive criticism of the "Cavalier" stock of Virginia. In the light of her origins, Virginia had no appreciable social advantage over, say, Massachusetts, but Virginia went on to produce a very definite feudality and chivalry, a whole code of special social institutions, whereas the original stock of manners in New England merely got confused or blunted. Virginia never was democratized. Cavaliers the aristocratic Virginians of the Civil War were for all practical purposes, quite irrespective of Burke or the Gotha.

Mrs. Harrison's chapters on Richmond in war-time convey vividly the heroic tension of those years. To youth, at least, that strain was glorious. The war had none of the nightmarish remoteness it presented to waiting Northern witnesses. At Richmond cause and effect worked frankly and without tragic delay. Much fighting took place within sound of the city. Not infrequently the gallant partner of the small hours came back before sunset stark on his gun-carriage. There was a tear for him, and other partners. Heartbreaking service in ill-provided hospitals kept one steady. If one had a voice, there were war songs to be sung to marching uncovered regiments. Banners were to be embroidered and presented. Then there were respites given to pure gayety. One invitation to the country contained the postscript, "Bring your own gentlemen." There were as well fascinating foreign attachés and a delightful sense of seeming heroic abroad. Miss Cary's brother, a midshipman on the privateer Nashville, took aboard "a distinguished stranger," to wit, Lord Palmerston, for a confidential chat with Capt. Pegram. The incident, which must rank high even among Palmerston's indiscretions, fortunately was not divulged. At Richmond, courage and gayety only increased as food coarsened and party gowns wore threadbare. Shopping or business North involved an adventurous running of the outposts. Miss Cary once did it effectively, bringing home a new bonnet through annoyance and something approaching peril. Richmond was gradually being strangled. Miss Cary saw President Davis's face pale as he received, in church, the fatal news of Lee's retreat. What the old South felt in this agony of the Confederacy we do not gather from this book, but we do at least learn how proudly the young South carried its *panache* to the end.

There is much that is wise and witty in the sketches of Paris and of New York before the new wealth ruled, but we prefer to leave this charming and informing volume with a picture of Richmond after the surrender. Miss Cary writes to her suitor, Burton Harrison, prisoner of war:

> It is no longer our Richmond, yet sometimes our eyes have a rest and are gladdened by the gray uniforms of the Confederate surgeons left here on parole to attend our sick and wounded soldiers. When one of them goes by, instantly every shutter is flung wide open, every cheek flushes, every eye sparkles a welcome. One of the girls tells me she finds great comfort in singing Dixie with her head buried in a feather pillow. My dear uncle, the most saintly of men, to-day read prayers to his assembled family, and, having in hand an old-time prayer book inadvertently read out the petition for the President of the United States. Edith, his youngest daughter, on our arising from our knees, immediately cried out in reproachful tones, "Oh! papa. You prayed for the President of the United States." "Did I?" said the good old doctor ruefully, "Devil fetch him!" at which we all laughed. Last night, from the sweetness of dreams, I was awakened by a band playing "Annie Laurie" so beautifully it seemed to chime with my happier thoughts. Directly it changed to the majestic strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," which I had not heard in four years. In one minute I was broad awake and weeping. Oh! that such a noble air should send such a pang to rend me!
>
> To-day Mr. Lincoln, seated in an ambulance, with his son Tad upon his knee, drove down Grace Street, past this house, a mounted escort clattering after.

This autobiography is to others what "Trilby" is to other novels—delightful to read at top speed, and completely disarming to the critic.

Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England. By Alice Drayton Greenwood. Vol. II. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

There is only one serious fault to be found with the second volume of Miss Greenwood's masterly work, and that is inherent in the subject itself: the interest is in the nature of an anticlimax. The last section deals with Adelaide, Queen of William IV, and is in itself an excellent study, not without judicious glances at the politics of the day. But Adelaide's virtues were of a rather commonplace sort, and she came to the throne when the peculiarly Hanoverian traits of her husband's family were no longer of national importance. The preceding chapters on the unfortunate Caroline are more interesting, and those who desire to obtain a careful and balanced account of the miserable squabbles of Gentleman George and his wife cannot do better than apply themselves to this book. Miss Greenwood makes no attempt to gloss over the vulgarity and eccentricity of Caroline's proceedings, but her analysis of "the delicate investigation" and of the later trial before the Lords leaves the reader pretty strongly convinced, whatever may have been his previous opinion, that Caroline was essentially innocent. And George IV's treatment of the Princess Charlotte forms a fitting, if disgusting, close to the traditional Hanoverian feud between parent and offspring. An echo of the widespread grief at Charlotte's death may be heard in tne noble stanzas at the close of "Childe Harold." We may observe here that Miss Greenwood's work, whether from choice or from lack of intimate familiarity with the material, is rather weak on the purely literary side. In this volume, as in the first, she misses many telling illustrations of the Hanoverian régime to be found in the *belles lettres* of the age, whereas her familiarity with the more purely historical sources is irreproachable. The interest of these chapters on Caroline is chiefly personal, but little incidents here and there, superficially trivial, are for any one familiar with the history of the times of considerable importance in showing the character of these petty German princesses who were brought over to England to preside over a proud and aristocratic society. Thus, when Malmesbury was sent over to Brunswick to fetch Caroline to the British court, he found it necessary to address "a firm parental exhortation to the Princess, rebuking her for 'piquing herself on dressing quick.'" This not being sufficient, he applied for help to a certain Madame von der Busche, and reports: "Madame Busche executes her commission well and the Princess comes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out the next day well washed all over." "All the young princesses of Germany," it was said, "had learned English in hopes of becoming Princess of Wales"—not all of them very successfully, however, for Caroline never acquired sufficient English to speak or write it without ludicrous mistakes.

Naturally, the bulk of the present volume (235 pages out of 419), and far the most interesting section, deals with Charlotte Sophia. Miss Greenwood gives an excellent analysis of the Queen's narrow, yet oddly inconsistent character, priggish in morals, yet when personal spite or jealousy entered into the situation, free enough to accept the malicious Lady Jersey, the Prince of Wales's mistress, and force her, as attendant and spy, upon the unwilling Caroline:

> Only a month after the birth of the Princess Charlotte the Queen gave one of her select private parties. The Princess of Wales was unable to be present, and Lady Jersey was invited to meet the Prince and seated at a card-table beside Princess Augusta, when the Prince kept coming up to the table and openly squeezing her hand. . . . The Queen manifestly did not disapprove. . . . It is not wonderful if severe comments were made upon the Queen's "hyprocisy."

This is not recited as a bit of scandalous gossip; it is thoroughly characteristic of a court which in many ways, apart from politics, had a disastrous effect on the higher life of England. Miss Greenwood is in no wise prejudiced against the Hanoverian family and their women. In her preceding volume she gave full, perhaps too great, credit to the political sagacity of George I and II. Of George III she draws, in the present volume, a portrait that is as remarkable for its fairness as for its skilful delineation. She treats Charlotte on the whole with sympathy, and especially at the time of George's madness she presents a view of the relation of the Queen and Parliament which certainly shows sufficient gentleness towards the former and sufficient harshness towards Burke and Fox. Nor, apparently, is she herself fully aware of the profound meaning of the picture she draws of this foreign court, which lay like a dead weight upon the intellectual life of England through the eighteenth century. She merely deals with the facts as an historian. This court in which filial and paternal hatred was handed down from generation to generation like an inherited, malignant disease; in which vice was vulgar and virtue ridiculous; in which tedium was only relieved by petty spite or coarse brutality; which, under Charlotte at least, deliberately surrounded itself by what was commonplace and insignificant, counts more in England's loss of intellectual prestige in the eighteenth century that is commonly believed. Hervey and Walpole, no doubt, drew with a pen deliberately satirical, but the sober and thoroughly judicious pen of the present historian does not alter very much the impression left on the mind by a perusal of the records made by those scandal-mongers.

Dante: Introduction à l'Etude de la Divine Comédie. Par Henri Hauvette. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 12mo, 396 pp. 3 fr. 50c.

The publication of this book is something in the nature of a literary event, for it is the first work of the kind to come from a French pen. While the study of Dante in England, America, and Germany has been pursued with increasing ardor during the last fifty or sixty years, in France, for whatever reason, it has until quite lately been curiously neglected. To such an extent has this been the case that in *Romania*, the well-known French journal for mediæval studies founded by the late Gaston Paris and Paul Meyer, the majority of the articles on Dantesque subjects have been contributed, as M. Counson observes in his "Dante en France," by an Englishman, and printed in English. We hail the appearance of this volume and of M. Cochin's recent translation of the "Vita Nuova" as welcome signs of a revival of that interest in Dante which at one period, as Professor Farinelli has shown in his work on "Dante e la Francia," was a notable feature in French literature.

M. Hauvette's title by no means conveys an adequate idea of the actual contents of his book, which is a good deal more than a mere introduction to the study of the "Divina Commedia" in the ordinary sense of the term. The work is divided into three parts, entitled, respectively, "Le Milieu historique," "L'Homme," and "La Divine Comédie." After an introductory chapter dealing with Rome, the Papacy, and the Empire, and Dante's attitude towards them, together with their bearing on his ideals and principles as expressed in his works, M. Hauvette proceeds to give an account of the "origins" of Florence, based mainly on the researches of Villari and Davidsohn, and of the evolution of the civil discords which played such an important part in the Italy of Dante's day, and in his own life-story. The historical sketch concludes with a brilliantly written chapter on the literary, philosophical, and religious movement of the thirteenth century, an acquaintance with which is indispensable to a right understanding of Dante and his works. In this chapter are included some instructive pages on the heresies of the Middle Ages, in respect of which M. Hauvette acknowledges his indebtedness to the special works of the late Felice Tocco on the subject.

In the second part ("L'Homme"), which comprises the biography of the poet, M. Hauvette discusses the dates of composition of the various works. In connection with the "De Monarchia" he mentions, but does not pass an opinion upon, the highly plausible theory recently enunciated by the veteran Professor Villari, namely, that the first two books of the treatise were finished by Dante before his exile from Florence, and that the third only, not the whole work as is generally maintained, was written on the occasion of Henry VII's descent into Italy. As regards the "Divina Commedia," M. Hauvette accepts the chronology proposed by Prof. E. G. Parodi, the key to which is to be found in an analysis of the evolution of Dante's political ideas. This would place the composition of the "Inferno" (that is, of the "Inferno" as we have it—*an* "Inferno" might well have been begun before Dante's exile, as Boccaccio would have us believe) between 1304 and 1308; that of the "Purgatorio" between the latter year and the first half of 1313; and that of the last *Cantica* between 1313 and 1321, the date of the poet's death—three periods which correspond with three sharply defined epochs in the history of Dante's political fortunes after his exile.

The last part, which deals with the subject proper of the book, consists of a careful résumé of the contents of the "Commedia," accompanied by a sort of running commentary, in which various controverted points, not of exegesis, but in the chronology and construction of the poem, are discussed and illustrated with a fulness of knowledge which testifies to M. Hauvette's wide reading and to his conscientious and sympathetic study of the somewhat formidable mass of literature on the subject. We may note in this connection one important publication which seems to have escaped his attention, namely, the work of Professors Boffito and Melzi d' Eril, on the so-called "Almanach Dantis," which disposes of one of the most weighty arguments against the acceptance of the year 1300 as the assumed date of Dante's vision. There is a statement in the note on page 366 which requires correction. M. Hauvette says that there is no contemporary authority for the supposition that Ugolino tried to keep himself alive in the Torre della Fame by feeding on the bodies of his dead children. In the thirteenth century "Cronica Fiorentina," attributed to Brunetto Latini, which is printed by Professor Villari in the first edition of his "Primi due Secoli della Storia di Firenze," it is distinctly stated in the account of the episode, that after they were all dead, "si trovò che l' uno mangiò de le carni all' altro."

We take leave of this book, which is written throughout with a charm of style which adds greatly to the pleasure of perusal, with feelings of gratitude to-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wards the author for one of the most notable contributions to the study of Dante that has been published in any language. M. Hauvette modestly doubts whether "non fu qui troppo folle." We trust that the assured success of this first incursion into the "campo dantesco" will encourage him to further acts of "follia" in the same direction.

The Life of Bret Harte. By Henry Childs Merwin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

Bret Harte gives a perfectly distinct impression as an artist; as a man he is wholly elusive. With a marked capacity for attracting friends, he as quickly outwore them; he lived in many places and settled in none; he wrote few letters and expressed few opinions; he clearly admitted no duty beyond that of setting words in beautiful order. He has left no real biographical material, and even his few surviving intimates seem unable or unwilling to say what manner of man he really was. To the task of making bricks without straw Mr. Merwin has brought a considerable resourcefulness. He has looked into the odd, mixed origins of his hero and has unearthed an unedifying eighteenth-century relation, a Canadian Jew, who "left behind him at his death no less than fourteen families, all established in the world with a good degree of comfort, and with a sufficient degree of respectability." There was a decline from this standard. Bret Harte's paternal grandfather maintained only two families at once, his father only one, and that in scant comfort. For the wayward streak in Bret Harte there seem to have been suitable biological antecedents.

About his beginnings as literary journalist and editor of the *Overland Monthly* there is plenty of material. To the fastidiousness of the editor and writer such men as Mark Twain and Charles Warren Stoddard loved to testify long after their lost leader had passed out of sight. The best of Bret Harte, or at least the recoverable best, surely was his San Francisco editorship. Promoted East, he neither knew how to be lionized nor how to get along without adulation. There was a moment when he was the foremost literary figure in America. James T. Fields retained him for a single golden year at what still would be a handsome income for a successful novelist. The rumor that he paid his butcher bills from the postage stamps sent with requests for his autograph was so specious that an admirer felt bound to deny it emphatically, "on the authority of the butcher." Yet in half-a-dozen years Bret Harte was glad to beat a retreat to a small consulate, leaving behind a wife and children, whom in his remaining twenty-three years he never again managed to see. These English years were aftermath as regards his writing, and his development into a fairly tractable lion is of minor interest.

Since the clue to this decline is missing and its details of a rather ordinary sort, a biographer and critic is pretty well limited to Bret Harte's first manner. This restriction Mr. Merwin has accepted loyally, and has made the staple of his book an elaborate defence of Bret Harte as a truthful chronicler of early California. Thus arises a considerable treatise on California in the sixties. It is a serious and informing bit of history, but it involves a most inauspicious competition with the work it defends. Nor is the utility of such a defence quite apparent. Obviously, the mining camps did not look to their makers as they did to the detached artist, Bret Harte. That he recorded his own impressions faithfully and without prettification, no person of critical capacity will doubt. The work, despite its dose of Dickens, bears its own evidence of authenticity. Mr. Merwin's elaborate apology either indicates that he has taken the plain man's cavils far too seriously, or that he was hard put to it to make out a book.

It is a duty and a pleasure to add that, aside from this defect of proportion, Mr. Merwin deploys his scanty material with much address, with sufficient humor, and with critical balance. The literary qualities of the prose and verse are admirably analyzed. The something less than complete manliness of the hero is, if unexplained, frankly acknowledged. A very workmanlike monograph of a definitive sort might easily be carved out of this rather misproportioned apologia and biography.

Notes

Dr. David Starr Jordan is bringing out, through Paul Elder & Co., a humorous volume entitled "Eric's Book of Beasts."

A limited edition of Scott, in fifty volumes, is contemplated by Houghton Mifflin Co.; there will be 300 full-page photogravure plates from special photographs made by Charles S. Olcott.

Rand, McNally & Co. will publish on March 1: "Love in a Mask," an edition of the Balzac manuscript, which, after being buried for fifty years, was printed in Paris last spring; "Lady Eleanor: Lawbreaker," a story of Richard Sheridan's time, by Robert Barr, and "Betty Moore's Journal," by Mrs. Mabel D. Carry.

Spring books announced by the Century Company include: "Tante," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick; "The Fighting Doctor," by Helen R. Martin; "The Woman from Wolverton," by Isabel Gordon Curtis; "The Battle of Base-Ball," by C. H. Claudy; "The Old Nest," by Rupert Hughes; "Explorers and Settlers—The Colonists and the Revolution—A New Nation—The Westward Movement—The Civil War—The Progress of a United People," Century Readings in United States History, edited by Charles L. Barstow; "The Yosemite," by John Muir; "The Burgundian," by Marion Polk Angellotti, and "Captain Martha Mary," by Avery Abbott.

Falconer Madan, the author of "The Early Oxford Press," has now completed a new work dealing with all the books that concern Oxford—"Oxford Books"—which will be issued as Vol. II of his earlier work. It is announced by the Oxford University Press.

A biography of the late Henry Labouchere, authorized by his executors, will be undertaken by his nephew, Algar Thorold.

A centenary edition of the works of Robert Browning, printed in large type on fine paper, with a preface to each leading poem by Dr. Frederick G. Kenyon, principal librarian of the British Museum, is announced by Smith & Elder. The edition will be limited to 750 copies, 250 for sale in this country.

The same house has in hand "Morocco in Diplomacy," by E. D. Morel, which traces the relations of that country to the Powers during the last twenty years.

To celebrate the seventieth birthday of Prof. Georg Brandes, the Danish scholar, which occurred recently, his publishers, Messrs. Gyldendal, issue an *édition de luxe* of his "William Shakespeare."

Included in John Lane Co.'s list of spring publications are, in fiction: "Zuleika Dobson," by Max Beerbohm; "Sekhet," by Irene Miller; "Wings of Desire," by M. P. Willcocks; "Manalive," by Gilbert K. Chesterton; "Hector Graeme," by Evelyn Brentwood; "The Unknown Woman," by Anne Warwick; "The Ealing Miracle," by Horace W. C. Newte; "Wayward Feet," by A. R. Goring-Thomas; "The Shadow of Power," by Paul Bertram; "Elsie Lindtner," by Kavin Michaelis; "The Story of a Ploughboy," by James Bryce; "The Snake," by Inglis McLeod; "In Sight of the Peak," by W. M. Ardagh; "The Chimera," by George Vane; "Beggars and Sorners," by Allan McAulay; "Guarded Mounts," by John Oxenham; "In Quest of Gold," by Charles E. Knowles; "The Saint's Progress," translated from the Italian of Ciro Alvi by Mary Gibson; "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol," by William J. Locke; "No Surrender," by Constance E. Maud, and "The Dewpond," by Charles Marriott.—Biography and history: "Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris," by John Joseph Conway; "Recollections of Guy de Maupassant," by his valet, François, translated by Maurice Reynolds; "The Anarchists," by Ernest A. Vizetelly; "Margaret of France, Duchess of Savoy, 1523-1574," by Winifred Stephens; "A Queen of Shreds and Patches" [Madame Tallien Notre Dame de Thermidor], translated from the French of L. Gastine by J. Lewis May; "The Betts of Wortham in Suffolk," by Katharine Frances Doughty, and "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, a translation from the German by John Lees, with an introduction by Lord Redesdale.—Travel: "About Algeria: Algiers, Tlemcen, Biskra, Constantine, Timgad," by Charles Thomas-Stanford; "The Old Gardens of Italy: How to Visit Them," by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond; "The Magic of Portugal," by A. F. G. Bell.—Poetry: "Emblems of Love," by Lascelles Abercrombie; "The Pagan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trinity," by Beatrice Irwin; "The Love Poems of the Poet-Laureate," edited by Frederic Chapman; "Egypt, and Other Poems," by Francis Coutts; "The Lonely Dancer, and Other Poems," by Richard Le Gallienne; "The Lamp and the Lute," by Rosamund Marriott Watson, and "Ballads Weird and Wonderful," with twenty-five drawings by Vernon Lee, introduction by R. P. Chope.—Miscellaneous: "The Stories of the Russian Ballet," by Arthur Applin; "Paris à la Carte," by Julian Street; "Ship Bored," the same; "The Criminal and the Community," by Dr. James Devon; "Jungle Folk," Indian natural history sketches, by Douglas Dewar; "Beauty and Ugliness," by Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther; "The Book of Seven Existences," essays by Richard Le Gallienne, and "The Starlit Mire," epigrams by James Bertram and Russell Wilkinson.

With the fifth and sixth volumes, 1838-1841 and 1841-1844, the "Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson" (Houghton Mifflin) reach high tide. These years include Brook Farm, the *Dial*, Alcott's hapless Community at Fruitlands. Emerson himself in this time published the first and second series of "Essays." At Concord, Thoreau was an inmate of the household; the mystic Jones Very, the poet Ellery Channing, the communist Edward Palmer, and Margaret Fuller were frequent guests. Hawthorne was an occasional evasive companion. Much beset by less desirable visitors representing sundry "isms," Emerson often yearns for the freedom of "being a guest in his own house." For the first time these journals begin to assume a larger historic importance. We have vivid portraits of Garrison, Webster, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Edward Everett, and others. Nor will a future student of American civilization find superfluous Emerson's enthusiastic analysis of the charm of Fanny Ellsler's dancing. Indeed the topics are more acceptably varied in these than in the earlier volumes. A sardonic humor, exemplified in a scheme for a Society for Propping the Planet, becomes frequent. One readily passes from some racy Concord item, to a case in manners or a venture in æsthetics. The old theological and metaphysical concerns now admit the neighborhood of politics and portraiture. What is most remarkable is the balance of it all, the sense of cosmic unterrified survey. We can do no better perhaps in a restricted space than to point out certain analogies and anticipations linking Emerson with other great thinkers.

Some eight years before Millet moved to Barbizon, Emerson was writing:

> I often see that the attitudes of both men and women engaged in hard labor are more picturesque than any which art or study could contrive, for the Heart is in these first. I say picturesque, because, when I pass these groups, I instantly know whence all the fine pictures I have seen had their origin; I feel the painter in me; these are the traits that make us feel the force and eloquence of form and the sting of color.

A full generation before Amiel had declared landscape to be "a state of mind," Emerson writes:

> We feel that every one of those remarkable effects in landscape, which occasionally catch and delight the eye, as, for example, a long vista in woods, trees on the shore of the lake coming quite down to the water, a long reach in a river, a double or triple row of uplands or mountains seen one over the other, and whatever of the like has affected our fancy, must be the rhetoric of some thought not yet detached for the conscious intellect.

Long before the doctrine that criticism should be creative, Emerson insisted that "analysis can be poetical." A forecast of Samuel Butler's faith that our political salvation lies in following "nice people" is Emerson's declaration that "any form of government is good in which the rulers are gentlemen." There is an eloquent passage on the evils of commerce which would serve as a text for modern progressives of either denomination. We must close with a glimpse of good Dr. Ripley, Emerson's pastor:

> Dr. Ripley prays for rain with great explicitness on Sunday, and on Monday the showers fell. When I spoke of the speed with which his prayers were answered, the good man looked modest.

A hundred years or so ago, a young Englishman travelling or living abroad was accustomed to redact his impressions in the form of letters to his father who, from the opinions and judgments expressed on men and things, was able to form some estimate of his son's educational progress. To-day the same sojourner takes a more self-conscious literary attitude and writes a book. Charles Dawbarn's "France and the French" (Macmillan), which is affectionately inscribed "to my father," is the precise literary analogue of the innumerable travel-letters of the eighteenth century, most of which, done up in yellowing sheaves, fade forgotten in ancestral chest and escritoire. What has held Mr. Dawbarn for ten years in Paris we do not know, and we are ignorant as to the precise opportunities he has enjoyed for study and observation. These should seem, however, to have been extremely superficial, or else he has taken little advantage of them, for certainly his *aperçus* of French character, French culture, and French civilization, are remarkable neither for originality nor for deep penetration. His book abounds in current commonplaces, in conventional estimates, in trite remarks, and in threadbare comparisons between French and English institutions. In fact, what chiefly impresses the reader in its pages is the psychological phenomenon of the insularity of the average Englishman for whom there exists no universal or world standard. In this he is far behind his national predecessor of earlier centuries, and perhaps, even, of the average American of to-day. At least the latter would be likely to give new life to his broad generalizations with anecdote and the record of piquant facts derived from his own observation. Mr. Dawbarn's pages are singularly free from any trace of the influence which Stendhal has exerted upon the modern literary traveller, and it would be cruel to compare them with the alert and suggestive pages of Pierre de Coulevain's "L'Ile Inconnue," with which, however, the author shows acquaintance. And yet it is the Englishman rather than the Frenchman who has the reputation for travel and sightseeing!

We agree with Walter Jerrold, the author of "The Danube" (Stokes) that "what the Rhine was, the greater, the more beautiful, the grander, and more fascinating Danube should become in these days of improved means of communication." There is no part of the Rhine quite as beautiful as the "Wachau," with its narrow gorge, its crags, vineyards, and old towns, extending from the magnificent monastery of Mölk, fifty miles west of Vienna, past the castle of Dürnstein —the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion—to Krems. And yet these twelve miles of glorious scenery are far surpassed in impressiveness by what the Danube offers in its course through Hungary and along the borders of Servia, Rumania, and Bulgaria. The nearer we approach its mouth, the wider becomes our historical perspective. In other words, in addition to its scenic attractions the Danube is of far greater international interest than the Rhine. Mr. Jerrold describes the river from Ratisbon to the Iron Gate, and brings together a mass of information, from legends, chronicles, and stories of older travellers, which testifies to his industry and intelligence, but does not warm the reader's heart. The author becomes more interesting in his personal glimpses of Hungary, which are at times quite spirited. His knowledge of Hungarian history and literature is, however, very hazy. It would be difficult to say what he means by the assertion that "though much blamed for his share in the compromise, Deák (misspelled Déak) may be regarded as one of the chief agents of the renaissance." He is equally at sea in his estimate of the novelist Jókai, who was so erroneously regarded by foreigners as, in his day, the truest exponent of Hungarian ideas. Mr. Jerrold's spelling of the names of Hungarian celebrities is not always correct, as "Görgy," "Batthány," and "Petőfi" show. Less excusably, there are many errors in German geographical names, such as "Würtemburg," "Höchstäd," "Ingoldstadt," etc., and the quotations from German songs and inscriptions bristle with misprints. The illustrations, though pleasing, are not highly artistic.

W. A. Craigie is responsible for the double-section of the "Oxford English Dictionary," SIMPLE-SLEEP (Frowde). A notable feature of this instalment is its group of SK-words, occupying some thirty-five pages, in which neither the native nor the Latin element appears—the Latin *sc-* remaining unchanged and the Anglo-Saxon *sc-* being represented by *sh-* in modern English. Among the blunt monosyllables in the SK-file may be mentioned the Scandinavian *skald, ski, skill, skin, sky;* the Dutch *skate;* the Old French *skein* and *skim;* the Greek *skink* (lizard); and the American Indian *skunk*. Of the boreal invaders *sky* has been particularly prolific in picturesque compounds with a flavor of the most etherial slang, such as *sky-farmer*—"cheats who pretend they were farmers in the isle of sky"; the nautical *skylark* dimly reminiscent of tarry sailors frolicking in the riggings; and *sky-parlour,* the abode where great thread-bare poets are sought in the early dawn of their celebrity. If one should catch a boy on Broadway to-day and demand of him a definition of *sky-scraper,* there would be but one reply; speechless with a vague surmise, he would stand groping from the malicious tail of his eye for the interrogator's carpet-bag, while his index finger travelled heavenward over the puny spires of the old soul-insurance offices towards the genuinely cloud-piercing towers of our new life-insurance buildings. But this disdainful gesture would not be animated by a sense of linguistic history. As early as 1794, a sailor questioned on this same word *sky-scraper* would have pointed to certain light triangular sails, otherwise known as *moon-rakers,* set above the royals

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to catch soft airs in calm weather. In 1827, however, you might open the *Sporting Magazine* and learn that your favorite jockey was about to ride "one of the crack sky-scrapers of the day." On the other hand, if you happened to be a man of some inches in the year 1857, you might yourself be accosted thus, "I say, old sky-scraper, is it cold up there?" If, furthermore, you continued to cling to your old high cycle in 1892, you made yourself obnoxious to the same epithet. And for once at any rate—in Lever's "Charles O'Malley," 1841—a very "tall" story passes for a sky-scraper. Rather curiously, the first recorded use of the word in its current meaning is found in the Boston *Journal*, 1891.

The word *slave*, etymologically identical with *Slav*, and spelled *sclaue* by Chaucer, Lord Berners, and Spenser, is of course of a high antiquity. The most interesting part of its history, however, relates to the United States in the first half of the nineteenth century, when in the heat of political controversy it was forced into novel combinations by the passion of abolitionist reformers. For this phase of its activity the Oxford Dictionary assembles a fairly good collection of illustrations, but relies too much on Bartlett and printed books to be thoroughly trustworthy as a record of "first appearances." For example, the earliest illustration of *slave power* is taken from Bartlett, and dated 1859. This is obviously late. In the Utica *Liberty Press* of June 7, 1849, we find an editorial attack on the *Daily Observer*, which is set down "as a pro-slavery organ, and the Hunker party, of which it is a mouthpiece, the ally of the *slave power*." In the same issue is a racy attack, quoted from the Cayuga *New Era*, upon the "doughface policy" of those who "climb upon the skirts of the *slavery-extentionists* of the South"; this example of *slavery-extensionists* antedates the Dictionary by eleven years. Finally, the combination italicized in the following passage, also from the *Liberty Press*, is not recorded at all: "The North has been atrociously duped and cheated into a practical alliance with the *slavery-propagandists*." The earliest illustration of *slave-mongers* is dated 1861; in Loring Moody's pamphlet "History of the Mexican War," 1848, the word occurs, page 14, in the phrase "Southern slave-mongers." On page 26 of the same appears the similarly contemptuous *slave-breeders*, which is not recorded by the Oxford historians. Another unrecorded form is *slave-breeding*, irefully applied in the *Radical Abolitionist* of June, 1856, to a contemporary newspaper, the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*—"a universal cry of indignation arose among the working people of New York against this *slave-breeding* organ." The first and only recorded example of *slave-land*, 1855, is anticipated by Harriet Martineau in her "Retrospect of Western Travel," 1838—"a few negroes who have returned into *slaveland* from a state of freedom" (Vol. I, p. 178). The illustration of *slave-whip* is taken from Whittier, 1838—"where the *slave-whip* ceaseless swings." As an example of abolitionist energy in style we should like to add this from Moody's "Mexican War" (p. 30): "As soon as the Texians had gained the battle of San Jacinto, they demanded to be 'annexed to the United States.' Not in the tone of suppliants; quite the contrary; with the butt of their *slaves-whips*, while their knuckles were dripping with blood, they were found on the steps, thundering at the door for admission to the Union." In general, the leading abolitionist pamphleteers and journalists respect the purity of the language; they write under the shadow of the English and Latin classics. Yet neither Cicero nor Hooker, St. Augustine nor Burke—to whom they resort for both eloquence and argument—is able to prevent them from coining and circulating freely the illegitimate hybrid *slavocracy*, painful to lexicographers. The first example recorded is Bartlett's from the New York *Express*, 1848; and we note another of the same date on page 120 of Moody's "Mexican War"; the next falls from the silver tongue of Wendell Phillips.

"The Truth About Chickamauga" (Houghton Mifflin), by Archibald Gracie, is the first of a work of two volumes, and is concerned almost exclusively with the events of the afternoon of the second day at Chickamauga. Since Mr. Gracie but half-presents his story, elaborate criticism is not yet in place. The title is misleading. The campaign in general, the preliminary manœuvring in August and September of 1863, the battle of the first day, the dramatic advance of Longstreet on the forenoon of the second day, which brought about the rout of the Federal right, these capital points in the tale of Chickamauga are not considered. The book presents really only the truth about "Horseshoe Ridge"; its title claims too much. Challenging the accepted views of the notable stand made on the Federal left on the afternoon of September 20, 1863, our author gives in this book the Federal testimony, reserving for his second volume that of the Confederates. Mr. Gracie weighs with immense labor and detail the evidence in the official reports, from those of Rosecrans at Chattanooga down to the subalterns on the firing-line. His work would be much more effective if condensed and better systematized. In fact, we think few will read the tedious detail excepting the sons and grandsons of the participants who figure. Mr. Gracie is conscientious as well as industrious, and although his case is only half stated, already makes it plain that the struggle has been glaringly misconceived. The facts here so minutely set forth make it proper that a number of costly monuments in Chickamauga Park should be located and inscribed anew. He maintains that some gallant regiments and officers have heretofore been discredited, while soldiers less worthy have enjoyed an undeserved fame. As to the result in general, it cannot be said that the Federals could have held out longer on Horseshoe Ridge, or that they retired in good order. An unwarranted hesitancy on the part of the Confederates alone appears to have saved the Federals from a complete catastrophe, and this, we take it, will be made still more plain in Mr. Gracie's second volume. The book contains many good maps, views, and portraits.

The late John Bell Henneman, as professor of English at the University of the South, and as editor of the *Sewanee Review*, was an important influence for culture and scholarship in the Southern States. He was a man of gracious and unstinted friendliness, and absolutely faithful to a wide range of private and public loyalties. Shakespearean study was his major passion, and his friends who have brought together a memorial volume of his writings have appropriately chosen the title "Shakespearean and Other Papers" (The University Press of Sewanee, Tenn.). Henneman's cautious scholarship appears to advantage in his analysis of the tangled problem of the historical plays. His especial local activities are suggested by papers on James Lane Allen, on Southern literature, and recent historians of the South. The breadth of his interests is hinted at in an essay on the Hungarian novelist, Maurus Jókai. Professor Trent contributes a personal appreciation, and Prof. J. D. Bruce a biographical sketch. As frontispiece there is an excellent photographic portrait of Henneman. To many comrades, for the lines of his friendship reached far, these literary *parerga* of a life ungrudgingly devoted to the routine of teaching and administration will appeal with peculiar and pathetic force.

The Arthur H. Clark Co. of Cleveland has just published, in anticipation of the needs of the State Constitutional Convention, "The Constitutions of Ohio, Amendments, and Proposed Amendments, etc.," edited by Isaac F. Patterson. The work is well done. The editorial matter, which is limited to the lowest possible dimensions, might have been expanded with benefit, but the thirty-nine-page introduction contains sufficient information for an understanding of the documents. At the end is a short chapter composed of contemporary newspaper comment on two of the Constitutions.

The concluding volume of Prof. Francis G. Peabody's Harvard sermons, "Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel" (Houghton Mifflin), is distinguished by the keen insight, the gentle persuasiveness, and the quiet Christian reasonableness, which have marked the four preceding volumes. It contains a gracious tribute to ex-President Eliot which is worthy of quotation:

> Severest critic, best of listeners,
> Questioning all things with perennial youth,
> Quick to detect when faulty logic errs,
> Yet quicker to discern each note of truth;
> Men call you unimpassioned, cold, and stern,
> The last survivor of the Puritan,
> They little know the sympathies that burn
> For every worthy cause or troubled man.
> Straight to its mark your candid counsel flies,
> Its shaft of judgment tipped with kind desire,
> And those it pierces still unwounded rise,
> Chastened but strong, and purified by fire.
>
> Along the coast where we have lived together,
> There comes at evening time, in summer weather,
> A hush of Nature, when the sighing firs
> Cease their complaining, and no land breeze stirs
> The drowsy ocean; while the burnished bay
> Mirrors the splendors of the dying day.
> So, after many and tempestuous years,
> And many an angry gale of doubts and fears,
> The hostile breezes slacken and then cease;
> The harbor lights are lit, of love and peace;
> And life's calm evening settles over you
> As sunset gathers over Asticou.

In our review of "Truth and Reality" last week the author, John Elof Boodin, was called "a graduate of Harvard." More precisely, he is an A.B. of Brown University, 1895, and received the Ph.D. degree from Harvard in 1899.

Louis Heilprin, who died in this city on Monday night, was born at Miskolez, Hungary, July 2, 1851. His father, Michael Heilprin, who had held an important post in the Hungarian Revolutionary Government under Kossuth, came to America in 1856. He was a profound historical and linguistic scholar, and in America devoted himself to literary and journalistic labors. Michael

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heilprin was one of the editors of the American Cyclopædia in its first edition, and, when this encyclopædia was to be issued in its second edition, the revision of the entire work was entrusted to him. In this labor, Louis Heilprin, though he had barely attained his majority, bore an important part as an assistant to his father. This youthful work was the precursor of that remarkable series of labors which he executed in later years. His revision of the Century Encyclopædia of Names, and of the New International Encyclopædia were examples of conscientious, able, and thoroughgoing work which may safely be said never to have been paralleled by any single worker in that field. Another task, which he executed in conjunction with his brother, the late Prof. Angelo Heilprin, was the preparation of the latest edition of Lippincott's Gazetteer, the preceding and long-antiquated edition serving merely as a basis. This was accomplished in a comparatively short time by two men, as the proofsheets, showing the changes and additions, make plain to the eye. While the work done by Mr. Heilprin was chiefly in this line, his intellectual powers in other directions were, if anything, even more remarkable, though these were known only to a small circle of friends. He was always intensely interested in all matters relating to engineering and transportation, and had a penetrating grasp of such questions as that of rapid transit in New York. At a critical time in the discussion of this question, he sent to one of the leading engineering journals an elaborate article on the subject, which so impressed the editor that he urged Mr. Heilprin to make further contribution to the magazine, never doubting that the article came from the pen of an engineering expert. Mr. Heilprin was an occasional, but highly valued, contributor to the *Nation*. Shortly before the breaking-down of his health last year, he wrote for these columns an extensive and noteworthy review of the Eleventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. Of the ideal beauty of his character, and the affectionate regard he inspired in all who knew him, this is not the place to speak.

Nathan Coffee, author of a book entitled "Lords of the Soil," which describes old Indian customs, died last week at his home on Long Island, aged fifty-eight. His grandmother was a Narragansett queen, and his father belonged to the Montauk tribe.

Prof. Benjamin Gill, seventy-nine years old, professor of Greek and Latin in Pennsylvania State College, died on Sunday.

Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden, the negro author and lecturer, died recently at Sierra Leone. He was born at St. Thomas, West Indies, in 1832. After studying theology and becoming a Presbyterian pastor, he was appointed president of Liberia College. Later he was Liberian Secretary of State for the Interior, and Liberian Minister at London. He wrote several works on the negro in Africa.

The death occurred at Edinburgh, a fortnight since, of Dr. Alexander Taylor Innes, aged seventy-eight. Among his writings are "The Law of Creeds in Scotland," "Church and State, a Historical Handbook," "Studies in Scottish History," "John Knox," "Trial of Jesus," and "Scottish Churches and the Crisis of 1907."

Gen. Hippolyte Langlois, grand officer of the Legion of Honor, Senator from the division of Meurthe-et-Moselle, and member of the French Academy, died in Paris on Monday, at the age of seventy-two. He was an authority on military strategy and wrote much on this subject.

Dr. Andrew Martin Fairbairn, principal emeritus of Mansfield College, Oxford, is dead. He was the Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale University in 1891-92. Dr. Fairbairn was born at Edinburgh in 1838. He had received honorary degrees from a number of universities, including Yale and the Theological Institute at Göttingen. He was a minister of the Evangelical Union Congregational Church, a member of numerous theological boards and commissions, and was the author of several works on religion and its philosophy and history.

Abbé Charles Loyson, Père Hyacinthe, of whom mention is made in another column, died last Friday at Neuilly, France, aged eighty-four. In 1850 he was ordained priest, and officiated in St. Sulpice, Paris. For his heterodoxical preaching he was excommunicated by the Catholic Church in 1869. Opposed to forced celibacy, he married shortly afterwards an American woman, Emilie Jane Butterfield, and visited this country, where he was welcomed as another Luther, but he remained a Catholic, though he rejected the infallibility of the Pope. He returned to Paris, and in 1878 undertook to establish the "Gallican Catholic Church," assuming the title of rector under the auspices of the "Primate of the Church of Scotland." Among his works are "La Société civile dans ses rapports avec le Christianisme," "Mon Testament," and "Christianisme et Islamisme."

Science

Constable & Co. of London will begin the publication next April of *Bedrock*, a quarterly review of scientific thought. The editor, aided by an editorial committee, will be H. B. Grylls.

The place of honor in the *Annales de Géographie* for January is given to the introductory lecture by Prof. W. M. Davis of Harvard in his course in geography, at the Sorbonne. A reference to the fact that he was the first lecturer on science to be chosen by the Minister of Public Instruction, the other courses having been on American history and literature, was followed by an expression of his great satisfaction in being able to "present to young French geographers certain principles of physical geography which, although the results of the investigations of our explorers in the Far West and the Rocky Mountain region, are as applicable to the problems of the Old as to those of the New World." In doing so he would endeavor to establish a more exact and scientific method than now prevails for the description of the various features of the earth's surface.

The *Bibliographie Géographique Annuelle* number of the *Annales de Géographie* covers the geographical literature of 1910. The publications and subjects catalogued number 1165, and the index contains about 3,000 names of authors and travellers. The explanatory notes to the different entries by the editor, Louis Raveneau, and his fifty-two assistants add much to the value and usefulness of the bibliography. Its wide range may be appreciated from the fact that among its contents are two works on agriculture and mining published by the Japanese Department of Agriculture and Commerce.

"Alpine Plants of Europe, Together with Cultural Hints" (Dutton), by Harold Stuart Thompson, F.L.S., is a thoroughly satisfactory handbook. It is comprehensive, covering a sufficiently wide range for the tourist; it is convenient in size and method; and it is accurate. The traveller in the Alps can often find botanies which answer pretty well for any one place, but which are deficient in more general considerations. In this small manual, of less than three hundred pages, are adequate descriptions of the floral carpet from the eastern to the western limits of the higher mountains, accompanied by well-executed figures in color of more than three hundred kinds of flowers. The absence of any analytical key to the species will strike the reader as unfortunate, and he may be at a loss how to proceed. But his hesitation need be only momentary, for a hasty glance at the beautiful illustrations will enable even a beginner to find something exactly or nearly like the specimen under examination. In describing so wide a range of plants, the author has had to omit a good deal of interesting matter, which, in these days, constitutes an important part of botany, namely, that which treats of the relations of plants to insects. But, on the whole, it is, perhaps, well to let the tourist look up that matter for himself. The author devotes a good deal of space to the attractive subject of cultivating Alpine plants in lowland elevations. So far as we have been able to discover, he speaks from his own knowledge, and not at second hand. It will not be his fault if this handbook does not allure many travelers to take a more intelligent interest in the most charming miniature flora in the world.

Joseph Lister, first Baron Lister, who was made famous by his discovery of the antiseptic system of treatment in surgery, died in London on Sunday, eighty-five years of age. His father, Joseph Jackson Lister, was an eminent oculist. The son entered the Quaker schools of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, and Tottenham, near London, and graduated in 1847 at the University of London, continuing at the College there for the degree of M.B. He became fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1852. After rendering services in treatment of hospital gangrene and pyæmia at the University Hospital he accepted the chair of surgery in Glasgow, and later went to Edinburgh as house surgeon to Dr. Syme, famous at that time for his use of lint instead of water in the dressing of wounds. It was in these years that Lister came to realize his life's work, the invention of antiseptics in surgical operations. By 1850 the use of anæsthetics had made deliberate and complicated operations possible. But a vast percentage of the patients died through suppuration, phagedæna, and other septic poisonings. Lister, on the expiration of his term as house surgeon, prepared an extra-academical course of lectures on surgery, in which the idea of ascepticizing wounds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

began to be defined. At this time Lister proposed the prevention of putrefaction, not by the exclusion of air from wounds, which was impossible, but by protection from microbes. Carbolic acid was first tried, on account of its success in deodorizing sewage. But to make it applicable to cut wounds its blending was necessary with some inert body which would combine high antiseptic efficiency with least possible irritation to tissues. Experiments along this line occupied many years. Listerine was one product. Sprays were also used to kill the dust, which Pasteur had shown to be germ-laden, but only to be discarded in 1890, when by experiment Lister determined that the atmosphere could be disregarded, and even all washings of the wound might be dispensed with, with their attendant irritation. Two main objects were always in view, to guard the wound and afterward to protect it. In ligatures he discovered that the threads if perfectly antiseptic might remain in the healed wound without harm; he developed catgut for these as the substance most readily absorbed. In 1869 Lister succeeded his father-in-law, Dr. Syme, in the Edinburgh chair of clinical surgery; in 1877 he changed to a like position in London at King's College. In 1896 he retired from practice. Dr. Lister was president of the Royal Society from 1895 to 1900. In 1883 he was created a baronet, and in 1897 was raised to the peerage as Baron Lister of Lyme Regis. In 1902, among the coronation honors, he was nominated an original member of the new Order of Merit. He received the LL.D. from five universities. For thirty years his name has been honored by surgeons all over the world, and his distinguished work has won the admiration of the lay public for almost as long. There is no heir to his titles, and his wife, Agnes Syme, whom he married in 1856, died in 1893.

The death is reported from Paris of Louis Delaunay-Belleville, a noted engineer, aged sixty-eight. He was formerly honorary president of the Chamber of Commerce of Paris and was the author of one book—"Lois et règlements concernant les appareils à vapeur dans les diverses nations du globe."

Drama

"Heralds of the Dawn," by William Watson, is announced by John Lane Co.

Katherine Jewell Everts, author of "The Speaking Voice," has written a more comprehensive volume on "Vocal Expression" (Harper), which shows an intelligent knowledge of the subject and contains a quantity of good advice. It is particularly sound in its insistence upon the necessity, on the part of the reader or actor, of grasping the full meaning of a prose passage, poem, or play before undertaking to interpret it. Most modern actors—public reciters are much less common now than they were thirty or forty years ago—might study what is said on this subject with much advantage. There is good matter, too, in the various essays on the characteristics and possibilities of cultivated speech, the effects of properly modulated tone, correct emphasis, sympathetic feeling, and so forth, and on the management of the breath, voice development, etc., but it may be doubted whether the most earnest student of elocution can profit much by printed instruction. It is so much easier to describe how a thing ought to be done than to explain how to do it. It is because Miss Everts recognizes this fact, and lays a special emphasis upon the need of analytical study as a preliminary to recitation or impersonation, that her book has positive value. Most of the passages which she has selected for vocal experiment are well suited to the purpose, but some of her prescriptions for budding geniuses are, perhaps, a little fanciful.

"The Flower Shop," a play in three acts, by Marion Craig-Wentworth (Badger), is a cleverly written and well-made piece—although somewhat too oratorical in places—with several effective theatrical situations. But as a manifesto on the relations of the sexes it is, in its final issue, both conventional and indefinite. It is, on this account, more nearly in accordance with human nature and common experience than it is effective as drama. The heroine believes that the only true happiness for a self-respecting woman consists in her complete independence, and she, therefore, resolutely refuses to marry a rich judge, an ideal man, to whom she is passionately devoted, and who worships her, unless he will permit her to keep the flower-shop which she has established as a means of self-support and an object-lesson to other women. He will not agree to this, because it is unnecessary, and would put both her and him in a false position. Meanwhile, she has induced her closest friend, a married woman, to go on the stage, in defiance of her husband's wishes. But the husband, also rich and devoted, says plumply, evidently meaning it, that, if his wife chooses to exhibit herself, he will have nothing more to do with her, and, as she loves him, she backs down and yields to his wishes. This submission only confirms the heroine in her attitude; but she is so desperately in love that, sooner than lose the judge altogether, she offers to become his mistress. The judge, being a gentleman, promptly declines to degrade her, and withdraws, bidding her send for him when she has changed her opinion. Finally she does write to him, but again changes her mind. The judge, however, returns of his own accord, whereupon she voluntarily agrees to give up the shop. But he says he will marry her, shop and all, and down comes the happy curtain. Manifestly this is a lame and impotent conclusion for a thesis play, unless the intended moral—of which no sufficient intimation is given in the play—is that love and instinct are stronger than abstract principle.

The Poetry Society of London will produce in March Prof. Gilbert Murray's version of "Hippolytus."

In "The Lady of Dreams," the revised "Princesse Lointaine," Madame Simone will be supported by A. E. Anson as Prince Geoffrey and Julian L'Estrange as Bertram.

The engagement of Ethel Barrymore at the Empire Theatre will be followed by the production of Rudolf Besier's arboreal comedy, "Lady Patricia," in which the part of the heroine will be assumed by Mrs. Fiske. The piece, which has had a successful run in London, has been described already in this journal.

Henry Miller will play the leading part when he produces A. E. Thomas's new play, "The Rainbow," in this city a few weeks hence. The piece, of which the scenes are laid in this city and on the Riviera, requires a large cast.

Alan Campbell's new play, "The Dust of Egypt," which Frank Curzon and Gerald du Maurier produced last week in Wyndham's Theatre, London, relates to the adventures of an Egyptian princess restored to life after centuries of mummification. It is said that he has put this ancient idea to novel use.

Henry Ainley, who has been ill for some time, has recovered and is making a provincial tour in "Old Heidelberg."

It is announced that "Chantecler," in which Miss Maude Adams has now appeared more than two hundred and fifty times in different parts of the country, will be brought back to this city next season, and played in the Empire Theatre, with entirely new scenery. The five hundredth performance will occur in due course, according to the programme long since decreed, in San Francisco. Miss Adams, of course, will continue to wear the feathers of the heroic Gallic cock until the destined sum of her performances has been accomplished. Nothing could be much more illuminative of the present condition of theatrical affairs. When the poet declared that it was not in mortals to command success, he failed to foresee the marvels of modern management.

Sarah Bernhardt, it appears, is to return to us sooner than we expected. It is announced that she has signed a contract to tour the United States again next winter as a vaudeville star. There is something unpleasant in the notion of such a career ending in the halls, although, as a matter of fact, the latter have been looming large as dangerous rivals of the regular theatres for some time. And, after all, there is no particular reason why she should not do here what she has done already in London. It is possible that, in the new conditions, her art may rise superior to its environment, but it is permissible to doubt. Those who are old enough to remember her in the days of her early prime know that she has long ceased to be the perfect artist that she was then. She is a marvellous woman and a wonderful actress still, but years of barn-storming and dollar-hunting have dulled her artistic perceptions and deadened her artistic conscience. She has learned to appeal to the mob and to command ignorant applause by the use of a violence to which in the past she would not have condescended.

Oscar Asche has been compelled to abandon his scheme of building a new theatre in London until his return from Australia at the end of next year. He will then make a revival of "Kismet," which will be followed by the sequel, which Edward Knoblauch is now writing. This will be called "Mecca," and will carry on the adventures of Hajj, the Beggar, of his daughter Marsina, now married to the Caliph, and one or two of their associates. A Chinese dramatist, Kong Meng, resident in Australia, has furnished Mr. Asche with the scenario of a drama of which the action passes in China, and in which all the characters are Chinese. As it stands, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piece could be played almost entirely in pantomime; and, when completed, the proportion of dialogue to action will be small.

Music

The Story of the Bagpipe. By William H. Grattan Flood. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

The word bagpipe calls up in most minds the vision of a Scotch Highlander playing the national instrument of his country, to the local color of which it is supposed to be as essential as the kilt and the bare knees. As a matter of fact, the bagpipe was for thousands of years a favorite instrument in most parts of the world, and if to-day it seems to belong exclusively to the Scotch and their Irish neighbors, this is simply due to the fact that they alone had the good sense and taste to cling to it when others had become deaf to its unique charm. Mr. Flood, in the opening pages of his "Story of the Bagpipe," reveals its remarkable antiquity. Chinese traditions make it the oldest instrument in the Celestial Empire. The Egyptians employed the bagpipe drone and a player of this instrument is sculptured on a Hittite slab dating back to a thousand years before Christ. Nero played on it, but many archæologists now think that the Roman civilization was due in part to Celtic influences, and Mr. Flood declares there is not a shadow of doubt that the bagpipe was used in Pre-Christian Ireland, whence it was brought not only to Wales and Scotland, but also to Rome. However this may be, it is certain that during the Middle Ages it made its home in every European country. In Austria dancing to the bagpipe was a popular diversion as early as the thirteenth century, and that the instrument was also much in vogue in Germany at the same period is attested by the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and by other evidence. It became a court instrument played by minnesingers and troubadours in Germany, France, and Spain. From Boccaccio we learn that in 1348 a bagpiper accompanied the fugitives who fled from plague-stricken Florence to the country. In Belgium pipers took part in religious services, and there were masques of pipers; on one occasion, at a feast of the Blessed Virgin, "many wild beasts danced round a cage containing two apes playing on bagpipes." Comic pictures of pigs, bears, and other animals playing this instrument attest its mediæval vogue in divers countries; and the esteem in which it was held is further shown in its being pictured as a component part of the celestial instrument, played by angels. It was supposed, also, to influence the actions of animals. In Sweden, an ecclesiastic dignitary of the sixteenth century relates that the shepherds employed the bagpipe to induce their flocks to come together and feed with relish.

In France, during the seventeenth century, five different forms of the bagpipe were used, and two of these, the coonemuse and the musette, were much in vogue; in fact, the musette was the fashionable instrument in the days of Louis XIV. Ladies vied with each other as players and as owners of beautifully decorated specimens; in 1649 the Court Band included four musettes, and Mersenne wrote that with a skilful player this instrument did not yield to any other. In the French army, also, the musette (which was modelled on the Irish uilleann) was used up to the opening years of the last century. It was in Ireland, Scotland, and England, nevertheless, that the bagpipe was most in vogue from the earliest days, and it is therefore entirely proper that Mr. Flood devotes most of his chapters (eighteen out of twenty-five) to a detailed account of the ups and downs in its popularity in these isles.

What arrests the attention particularly in this account is the great variety of functions at which the bagpipe was found desirable and helpful. There were town pipers who were maintained at public expense, and who, in spring, went "on the road," as we say. In the autumn, the piper was in demand to lighten the labors of the harvesters; he received a sixpence "for playing to the chippers all the day." At the morris dances he was indispensable, as well as at weddings, funerals, and all social functions, including banquets. With the bagpipe, as Vincenzo Galilei wrote in 1581, the Irish "accompany their dead to the grave, making such mournful sounds . . . as to invite—nay, almost force—the bystanders to weep." "To its sound," the same writer remarks, "this unconquered, fierce, and warlike people march their armies, and encourage each other to deeds of valor." And it was always in the van of the army that these brave pipers marched, regardless of danger.

All these things apply to the Scotch as well as to the Irish, and, to some extent, to the English, who also employed the bagpipe in some of their churches as a substitute for an organ, and particularly in outdoor religious functions and progressions. After the second drone had been added, "the effect of the instrument as an accompaniment to choral singing must have been very fine," as Mr. Flood justly remarks. Be it remembered that this drone of the bagpipe is the beginning of all harmony in music, just as the bagpipe itself is the Darwinian progenitor of the church organ—facts which greatly add to its prestige and its sentimental if not artistic importance. But surely every surviving piper, professional or amateur, should take fresh hope from the various facts stated in the foregoing paragraphs, that his favorite instrument will once again come not only into temporary fashion, but into general vogue.

No doubt, the crude construction of the earlier instruments had much to do with their banishment, first in favor of harps, and subsequently of divers band and orchestral instruments, both in the army and in homes. A seventeenth-century writer speaks of the Highlanders' music as "loud terrene noises, like the bellowing of beasts"; and there are other references to "strident" and "discordant" tones. Probably in many cases the intonation left much to be desired. The historian Burney, in 1775, wrote very favorably about some Irish uilleann pipes he had heard. Their tones reminded him of oboe, clarinet, and German flute, and they were "very well in tune," which had never been the case with any Scotch bagpipes he had heard. Probably, if these improvements in tone and intonation had come sooner, the amateurs and professional musicians would not have turned their backs on this unique instrument. The chapters in which Mr. Flood records its gradual loss of favor make sad reading for those who love it; and yet, although the author himself hardly dares to hope much for the future, he supplies a number of facts which will give heart to more sanguine readers. The recent revival of interest in folk-tunes (which in Ireland and Scotland were largely shaped by the bagpipe) is an important factor. There are still twenty-one pipe bands in the British army, and there is a tendency to restore those which have been abolished. In our own country something has been done in behalf of the bagpipe and its music, and there are now pipe bands in many of the Irish towns, as well as in Australia. The instrument itself is being steadily improved, and one of its latest varieties —the "Brian Boru"—has a complete chromatic scale.

The reviewer, though he has not a drop of British or Celtic blood in his veins, confesses that he is as enthusiastic over the drone-pipe as any Scotchman or Irishman could be, and not merely because of its "archaic" or "barbaric" qualities, but because of its genuine musical qualities and appeal to the emotions. As long ago as the middle of the eighteenth century the Rev. Campbell, rector of Galloon, wrote that the bagpipe "is not an instrument so unpleasant as the players of Italian music represent it." Had it been, the great composers of several countries would not have taken so much interest in it. Not only did some of the leading British masters write for the bagpipe, or imitate its melodic peculiarities on other instruments, but Handel, Lully, Haydn, Spohr, Schubert, Boieldieu, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and others paid their respects to it in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same ways. Much of Grieg's music owes part of its charm to the drone bass accompanying it—he was of Scotch descent. Opera composers of the future will doubtless not be deaf to the opportunities the bagpipe offers for fascinating audiences with vivid local color and incisive tunes. Its penetrating quality commends it for war—if war must be—above the brass instruments. But it is at funerals, in particular, that it seems destined to prove a potent emotional factor in the future. The most imaginative of English musical critics, the late Vernon Blackburne, wrote some years ago about "the cry of the pipes and the immeasurable sadness of the Scotch tunes. . . . The pedal-note is a long monotone of grief, an enduring moan for the thing that has been." He concludes with this tribute:

> Such music as this, thus played, and on this instrument, once more, in its gloomy and magnificent completeness, shows that in the mourning for the dead Scotland triumphed unto the attainment of the culmination of her musical art.

To the New Library of Music series John Lane Co. adds "Beethoven," by Donald Francis Tovey, and "Mozart," by W. H. Hadow.

"The difference between the earnings of great artists in our time and from sixty to seventy-five years ago, is not so large as some people imagine, notwithstanding the fact that money in those days had about four times the purchasing power it possesses now," writes a correspondent of the *Musical Courier*. There are letters of Malibran in existence which prove that she received as high as £400 for an appearance, and that was before 1835. It is also on record that Franz Liszt took in at a single concert in St. Petersburg 22,500 rubles ($11,000). No instrumentalist since has ever equalled that figure. Paganini's earnings also were enormous. The greatest drawing capacity ever known either among vocalists or instrumentalists was that of Jenny Lind during her famous tour of America in the early fifties under the management of P. T. Barnum. Barnum cleared for himself on that tour $500,000. The receipts of the opening concert at Castle Garden were $37,000—a figure never equalled before or since, nor is it likely that it will ever be equalled again, for the combination of a Jenny Lind and a P. T. Barnum will not so easily be duplicated. Prior to 1830 salaries for singers were low. There exists a letter by Rossini, which testifies to the effect that the prima donna of a good opera company in Italy received for a season of five weeks 400 scudi. The scudi was about equal to a dollar. The first bass and baritone had 300 scudi each, the first tenor 350, and the conductor only 190 scudi. Malibran set a different pace after 1830.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra will play in this city in March, the Philharmonic Society acting as guest. The Orchestra was organized nine years ago, with an annual guarantee fund of $10,000, and has since grown to a complete symphony orchestra of eighty musicians, and is backed by an annual guarantee fund of $65,000. It will give forty concerts this year in Minneapolis, and starts March 8 on a two weeks' trip to the leading Eastern and Western cities. Emil Oberhoffer has been the conductor of the Orchestra since its beginning.

Dr. Muck is not the only former conductor of the Boston Symphony who is coming back to us. George Henschel, the first leader of that organization, will be here, not to conduct, however, but to give the American public once more the pleasure of hearing his unique interpretations of the world's mastersongs.

Excerpts from Wagner's Nibelung operas have been given in concert halls innumerable times, but George Risely purposes to cap the climax by presenting all four of these musical tragedies, without scenery and action, at the next festival in Bristol, England.

Prof. T. C. Okane, whose death at the age of eighty-two is announced from Delaware, O., was the author of many hymns.

Bruno Mugellini, whose death we record, was a teacher at the Liceo Musicale at Bologna, and an excellent pianist. He was also a composer and edited, with I. Philipp, the clavier works of J. S. Bach.

Art

Nineteenth-Century English Ceramic Art. With more than 1,200 examples illustrated in half-tone and line. By J. F. Blacker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50 net.

A plausible case for ceramics made in England between 1800 and 1900 is set forth in this attractively printed work, announced as the first of the Nineteenth Century Historical Art Series. Productions of the artistic decline are out of favor with collectors; "hence this book, which is an endeavor to do some justice to the descendants of the eighteenth-century potters." The volume gives more information than criticism—sometimes, indeed, with assistance from trade puffs of other days. Mr. Blacker's "justice," in general, partakes of extreme generosity.

Yet despite this defect of special pleading the book is useful. The data have been gathered laboriously. There is instruction in the story of the vicissitudes of British potteries in the decades when in all industry the machine was supplanting the hand. The lives of enterprising, business-like potters make stimulating reading. The author has selected his illustrations so judiciously—with a few bedizened and beflowered exceptions—as to make even the prejudiced reader wonder whether the nineteenth century was so bad after all. Citations from the illustrated catalogue of the great exhibition of 1851 may confirm words and phrases now held shibboleths of philistinism; the reproduced line drawings of many of the exhibits, at least, are not unpleasing. The pictorial argument is helped by things made under the Ruskin-Morris influence in the eighties and nineties, some of which—*absit* the atrocious term "art pottery" applied to them—are genuinely interesting. The revival of arts and crafts has been felt in the fictile industries; such a pottery as the Sussex Rustic Ware, described by Mr. Blacker, is asymmetrical and suggestive. Throughout the century there were always craftsmen potters endeavoring to do things beyond bourgeois comprehension. Their works remain to avert, in part, the calamity implied in the prediction: "The early productions of the nineteenth century have already entered the realm of antiquity; old china and old pottery are moving on to the Victorian period, which will receive much more attention as the years pass by."

Let warning, nevertheless, be served upon the unsophisticated collector whom Mr. Blacker may lead to believe that these potteries and porcelains, as they become antiques, are sure, like the corresponding eighteenth-century productions, to advance rapidly in value. This they may or they may not do. Collectors' ways are strange, but a presumption stands against the world's permanently valuing an art that is commonplace or ugly. Much nineteenth-century pottery was certainly ugly, most of it commonplace. Take Worcester as a characteristic English ware. Conceding its "superb beauty of forms, colors, and decorations" in its best estate, the discriminating reader might compare with Mr. Blacker's uniformly laudatory text this passage from R. L. Hobson's admirable monograph on "Worcester Porcelain":

> But if these wares, rich and decorative as they often are, fall below the artistic standard of the free and graceful productions of the Wall period, what is to be said of those gaudy and pretentious dress services made to the order of royal and noble personages in the early years of the nineteenth century? Their clumsy shapes, with heavy gadrooned edges, their massive and tasteless gilding, and their coats-of-arms filling the entire middle spaces, are monuments of artistic degradation, and their influence on the decorative art of the time must have been disastrous.

Mr. Blacker's book, in brief, would be better if it now and then emphasized the peril of acquiring masterpieces of mediocrity.

David C. Preyer will shortly add a new volume to L. C. Page & Co.'s series Art Galleries of Europe; it is devoted to "The Art of the Berlin Galleries."

John Lane Co. has the following books among its announcements: "Recollections of a Court Painter," by H. J. Thaddeus; "Recollections of James A. McNeill Whistler," by Thomas Way; "Miniatures," a series of reproductions in photogravure, painted by Charles Turrell, limited edition; "The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art, 1912," and "The Salting Bequest

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the Victoria and Albert Museum," by Maurice W. Brockwell.

A duty of two per cent. will be put upon all works of art sold at public auction in France, if a bill now before the French Chamber is carried. This tax will be paid to the artist whose works are sold, or, if he is dead, to his heirs.

"George Inness," a book of reminiscence by his pupil, Elliott Dangerfield, is a beautifully printed quarto. It contains twelve photogravures, of which two are colored, and is published in an edition of 250 copies by Frederic Fairchild Sherman. Mr. Daingerfield's account is largely technical. He emphasizes Inness's early analytical studies, and describes very fully the marvellous short-hand at which the master finally arrived. An abundance of anecdote carries the reader over what otherwise might be dry places. There was a more serious and critical side to Inness, which this memoir merely touches. What we have is an extraordinarily vivid picture of the artist as he appeared day by day in the throes of a creation almost as capricious as it was unfailingly robust. Nothing that has been written about Inness brings out so well this portentous fecundity. For weak pictures his favorite term was "dishwater."

The same exact phrase (says Mr. Daingerfield) fell from his lips when I admired a lovely, tender spring landscape of his own. Bitterly, he said it. The picture was full of soft, gray greens, and delicate tree forms, and in the sky the pale white moon of the morning, when it is far on the wane. Having delivered himself of this criticism of himself, Inness thrust his thumb into a mass of crude chrome yellow and smeared it on the moon. "Stay there now," he said to it, "until I make you look white." Painters will understand what that problem was—the building up, intensifying, strengthening of all the values and colors; but this he did with splendid courage, and the picture came out just as lovely, just as spring-like and refined, but stronger—and the pale moon hid itself in the mellow atmosphere of a spring sky. This somewhat erratic and intense method may have lost the world some good pictures (it is a common saying among artists that Inness has painted out more good pictures than anyone else ever painted), but it was his way.

"Les Néerlandais en Bourgogne (Brussels: G. van Oest, 3 fr. 50c.), par Alphone Germain, is the fruit of frequent visits the author made to Burgundy. With the same conscientious care displayed in his other works ("Le Sentiment de l'Art," "Les Couet," etc.) he has not only gone through the museums and churches containing typical works already classified, but he has searched a number of out-of-the-way places of the Morvan and Macon region, thus bringing together a mass of new and interesting information nowhere else to be found. Few provinces of France can boast an art as remarkable for its power, its vitality, its originality, as can the part of the country here studied. Germain deals with the evolution, the phases, and characteristics of this art from the historical as well as the æsthetic point of view. His enthusiasm over some of his discoveries, though genuine and communicative, never runs away with his critical judgment and some parts, like the pages devoted to the great sculptor, Claus Sluter, bear testimony to his deep thoughtfulness. The illustrations are well chosen and carefully reproduced; some appear here for the first time.

Finance

THE "MONEY TRUST INQUIRY."

Until the beginning of the Congressional dispute which culminated in last week's vote of the House Democratic caucus, a very shadowy idea of what was popularly called the "Money Trust" existed in the general public's mind. Probably some people had imagined that a group of financiers had got control of the country's actual money supply. But the perplexing thing about a Money Trust lay in the general knowledge that when oil or copper or agricultural products are accumulated in a few not disinterested hands, they are so accumulated through use of money. When it comes to cornering money itself, or even forming a Trust in money, the picture must be changed.

Nearly one-half of the country's supply of metal and paper currency is held as reserve in the vaults of its 23,000 banking institutions; the rest is easily accounted for by the enormous total sum in use by private individuals for pocket-money, till-money, and pay-rolls for employees. Mr. La Follette made an attempt to remove all obscurity from the matter, in a speech to the Senate on March 17, 1908, when he declared that a group of one hundred capitalists, whom he named, so far held in their hands control of the largest banks and corporations that they were absolute masters of the money market, and possessed and exercised the power of causing, at their individual whim, booms or panics in the market, and prosperity or adversity in trade.

But every one familiar with business affairs dismissed La Follette's one hundred selected creators of good times and bad times as the dream of an excited brain. Early in the present session of Congress, however, there was presented, by a little-known Northwestern Congressman, a bill "for the appointment of a committee to investigate whether there is or is not a Money Trust," with a dozen questions suggested for that committee to look into—as, for instance, how the principal banks and trust companies are owned; what relation their owners have to the "principal Trusts that control the industries, railroad systems, and large properties"; what the proportion is between loans to speculators and loans to commercial borrowers; how life insurance funds are used; whether the stockholders in the larger banks have been using the deposit funds to manipulate the market; what the deposits of corporations in these banks amount to, and how they are used; and why money on call in Wall Street is quoted lower than commercial discounts.

These and a dozen other questions, some of them rather incoherent, made up the category. Referred to the Rules Committee of the House, they were laid aside and a new resolution substituted, directing inquiry as to how far the control of great banks and great corporations was identical; how far such banks' funds have been used, through subsidiary companies, to manipulate the stock market; how far other enterprises than those whose managers controlled the banks were discriminated against by the banks in question; how far "any individual, firm, or corporation," or a group of them, "can create, avert, or compose panics," through the control of such bank resources.

When the matter had reached this stage, three highly interesting things appeared. One was that a very considerable element in Wall Street, of a perfectly respectable and conservative sort, entertained the conviction that if some such inquiry could be sanely and soberly conducted, it would clear up a very obscure situation and do more good than harm. Another was that the sponsors for the special committee of inquiry, as their public remarks disclosed, were obsessed with the idea that the Money Trust had a hand in everything that was objectionable—that it was, for instance, the Money Trust, and not the over-extended condition of Western banks, which forced the liquidation in wheat during 1910; the Money Trust, and not a 15,500,000-bale crop, which broke the price of cotton in 1911. But the third discovery was, that the conservative part of the Democratic party in the House of Representatives, while acquiescing in the idea of an inquiry, wholly distrusted the leadership contemplated for the proposed special committee, believing that it would end in nothing but futile and disturbing agitation.

This was the issue which was settled by the Democratic caucus on Wednesday of last week, when the question was whether the inquiry should be conducted by a new committee such as that which had been examining with so much futility into the Steel Trust, or should be entrusted to the regular standing committees of the House, notably the Banking and Currency Committee. The contest was vigorous; it ended by the complete unhorsing of the agitators; the inquiry by the regular committees was ordered by a caucus vote of 115 to 66. Last Friday the Banking Committee framed a resolution ordering the inquiry, but discarding the vague and misleading expression "Money Trust," and proposing to investigate "the banking and currency conditions of the country, for the purpose of determining what legislation is needed."

The inquiry, then, is about to begin. What is it likely to amount to, what facts will it establish, how will it affect the markets, if at all? As to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what the scope and purpose of the inquiry will be, all that can now be said is that Wednesday's caucus vote was understood by all parties to mean a sober, intelligent, and statesmanlike investigation, and not, as the Lindbergh resolution seemed to contemplate, a sensational inquisition by a prejudiced committee. The question, what will be disclosed by the testimony, is a matter of large interest. Wall Street knows the general facts as to control of banks; particularly that, in the recent rapid movement for joint control of large local credit institutions, nine large New York banks and half a dozen trust companies, with a combined capital and surplus of say $250,000,000, are classed as under the general domination of one powerful banking interest, and perhaps as many more as under the control of another interest.

But whether this power is used for discriminatory purposes in the money market, the hearings may not find it so easy to establish, for there are two sides to all such questions. The markets are likely to take a quiet and national investigation with due calmness; what they had feared was an attack on credit institutions, in the guise of legislative inquiry. Behind all these considerations stands the further question, what Congress will do or can do in the way of legislation, if it makes discoveries which really impress the public mind. That cannot well be answered, until we see what facts a serious inquiry discloses.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abercrombie, Lascelles. Emblems of Love. Lane. $1.50 net.
Bigelow, S. L. Theoretical and Physical Chemistry. Century Co.
Butler, H. B., and Fletcher, C. R. L. Historical Portraits, 1600-1700. Frowde. $2 net.
Carson, Thomas. Ranching, Sport, and Travel. Scribner.
Charlesworth, M. E. The Relentless Current. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Clay, Arthur. Syndicalism and Labor. Dutton. $2.25 net.
Cowperthwait, J. H. Separate Reserve Associations. American News Co. 25 cents.
Cumont, Franz. Astrology and Religion Among the Greeks and Romans. Putnam.
Denny, M. P. The Prophet of Florence. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Devon, James. The Criminal and the Community. Lane. $1.75 net.
Duke of Orleans. Hunters and Hunting in the Arctic. Trans. by H. G. Richards. London: Nutt.
Fabre, J. H. The Life and Love of the Insect. Trans. by A. T. de Mattos. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Faguet, Emile. The Cult of Incompetence. Trans. from the French by B. Barstow. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Fiske, Willard. Chess Tales and Chess Miscellanies. Longmans. $1.50 net.
Ford, Sewell. Odd Numbers: Being Further Chronicles of Shorty McCabe. Edward J. Clode. $1.25 net.
Havell, E. B. The Ideals of Indian Art. Dutton. $5 net.
Hitchcock, C. C. The Socialist Argument. Chicago: Kerr & Co. $1.
Holmes, J. H. The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church. Putnam.
Hyde, M. G. The Confessions and Letters of Terence Quinn McManus. Boston: Badger. $1 net.
Inglis, A. J. The Rise of the High School in Massachusetts. Columbia University. $1.50.
Isidori Etymologiæ Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis. Frowde.
Jones, H. C., and Strong, W. W. The Absorption Spectra of Solutions of Comparatively Rare Salts. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Jordan, W. H. Principles of Human Nutrition. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Kawakami, K. K. American-Japanese Relations. Revell. $2 net.
Lawson, W. R. Modern Wars and War Taxes. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Son.
Lewis, Austin. The Militant Proletariat. Chicago: Kerr & Co. 50 cents.
Lincoln, J. G. The Luck of Rathcoole. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1.20 net.
MacVannel, J. A. Outline of a Course in the Philosophy of Education. Macmillan. 90 cents net.
Maynard, Colton. Elliott Gray, jr.: A Chronicle of School Life. Revell. $1 net.
Meily, Clarence. Puritanism. Chicago: Kerr & Co. 50 cents.
Miller, Irene. Sekhet. Lane. $1.25 net.
Molière's Les Femmes Savantes. (The Learned Ladies.) Translated by C. H. Page. Putnam.
More, P. E. Nietzsche. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Norma Elegiaca: A Standard for the Writing of Ovidian Elegiacs. Selected by R. L. A. Du Pontet. Frowde. 35 cents net.
Norton, G. F. Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $1. net.
Osborne, T. B., and Mendel, L. B. Feeding Experiments with Isolated Food-substances. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Pereira, F. de A. y. Doce Sonetos. Frowde.
Reisner, G. A. The Egyptian Conception of Immortality. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 85 cents net.
Report of the Board of Health, City of New York, for the year ending December 31, 1909.
Robin, E. G. Jacquine of the Hut. Putnam. $1.30 net.
Rolfe's Satchel Guide to Europe. Revised for 1912. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Schoff, W. H. The Periplus of the Erythræan Sea. Translated from the Greek and annotated. Longmans: $2 net.
Shakespeare's Comedies. (Oxford Standard Authors Series.) Vol. I. Frowde.
Shakespeare's Hamlet, Coriolanus, Twelfth Night. Edited, with notes, by G. S. Gordon. Frowde.
Shakespeare. Tudor edition. The Tragedy of Coriolanus. Edited by Stuart P. Sherman. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Sterne, Simon (1839-1901). Railways in the United States, with Supplementary Notes to 1911. Putnam.
Tolstoy's Hadji Murád, translated by Aylmer Maude; The Forged Coupon, and Other Stories, edited by Habberg Wright; The Man Who Was Dead. Dodd, Mead. $1.20, $1.25, $1.20 net.
Wagner's Tristan and Isolde; Meistersinger. Edited by W. J. Henderson. Dodd, Mead. 60 cents net each.
Wallace, Dillon. Saddle and Camp in the Rockies. Outing Pub. Co. $1.75 net.
Wheeler, Candace. Content in a Garden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 80 cents net.
Whitney, W.; Lucas, F. C.; Shinn, H. B., and Smallwood, M. E. A Guide for the Study of Animals. Heath.
Wright, F. E. The Methods of Petrographic-Microscopic Research. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Wright, Joseph. Comparative Grammar of the Greek Language. Frowde. $2 net.

Henry Holt & Co. 34 W. 33d St.
Publish Saturday

L. P. Jacks'
AMONG THE IDOLMAKERS

Narratives of very unusual quality much in the vein of the author's "Mad Shepherds." Some of the material has appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The *Springfield Republican* said of "Mad Shepherds," "This delicate and charming work is that of a literary artist, who attempts to convey the realities of the soul by showing their operation concretely in individuals." ($1.35 net.*)

J. A. Spenders'
COMMENTS OF BAGSHOT 2d Series

Very human papers, by the editor of *The Westminster Gazette*, treating of Domestic Philosophy, Political Careers, Satan the Statistician, The Eugenist, Religion, History, and less formal matters. *The London Spectator* said of his earlier volume, "While affording the easiest of reading, nevertheless touches deep issues deeply and fine issues finely." ($1.25 net.*)

THE LIFE STORY OF
J. PIERPONT MORGAN
By CARL HOVEY

Crown 8vo. Illustrated. $2.50 net, postpaid $2.66.

This accurate biography, containing "inside" information never before in print, brings the record of Mr. Morgan's life into the year 1911, and chronicles his early beginnings and immense achievements in the world of business. It presents the commanding personality of a great man of affairs and patron of the arts, and is engrossing to the general reader and informing to the financier.

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th St., New York

Railways in the United States
Their History, Their Relation to the State and an Analysis of the Legislation in Regard to Their Control
By Simon Sterne, 1839-1901
With Supplementary Notes Continuing the Record to 1911

Cr. 8vo. $1.35 *net.* (*By mail,* $1.50.)

Mr. Sterne was recognized as an authority on the question of railways, and, excepting for the fact that the problem is larger to-day than when first considered by the author, and that its vital interest for the community has been more clearly emphasized, the conditions differ little from those in force at the time his conclusions and recommendations were first brought to the attention of the public.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

G. P. Putnam's Sons
NEW YORK LONDON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED